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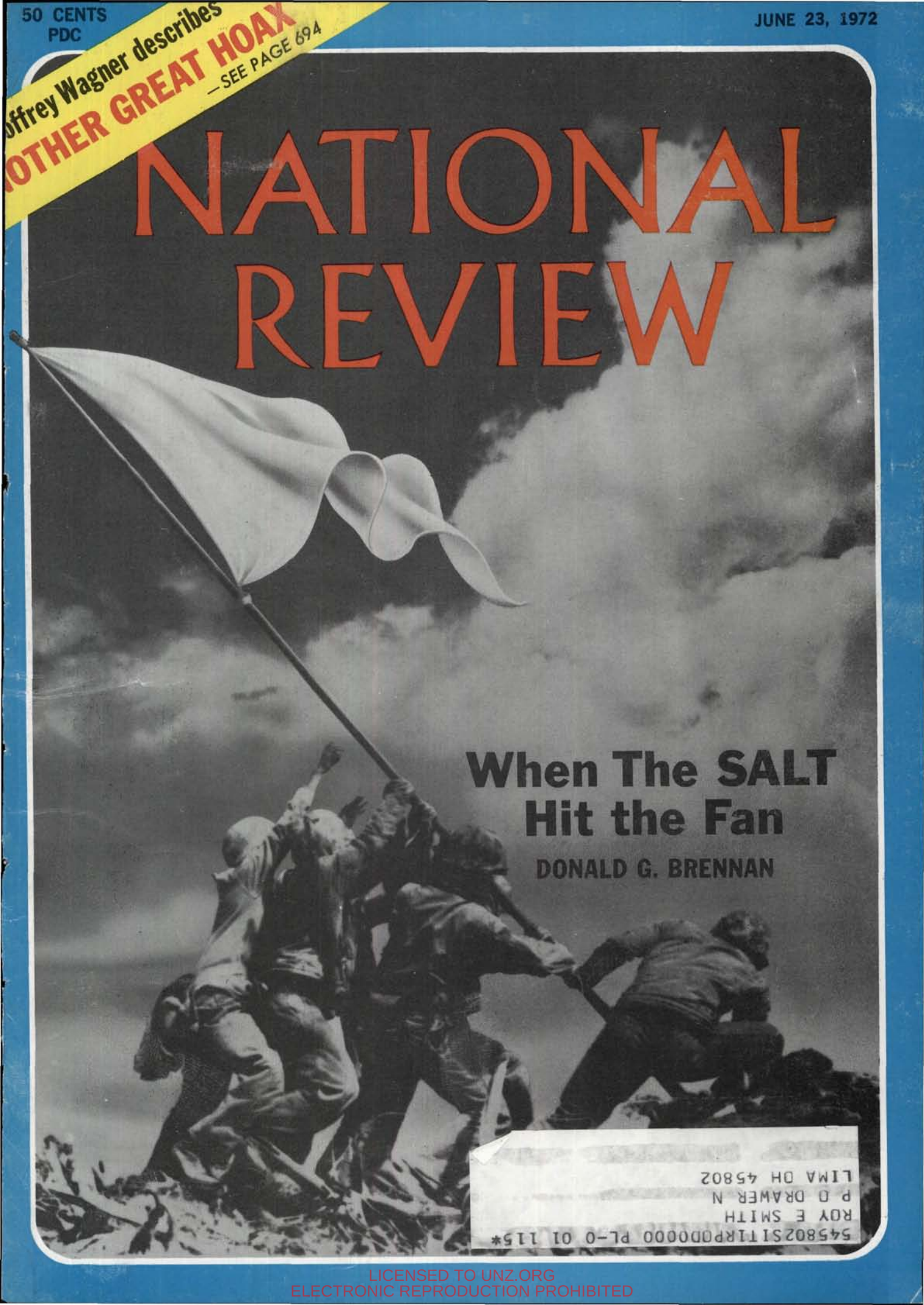
JUNE 23, 1972

offrey Wagner describes
OTHER GREAT HOAX
— SEE PAGE 694

NATIONAL REVIEW



When The SALT Hit the Fan

DONALD G. BRENNAN

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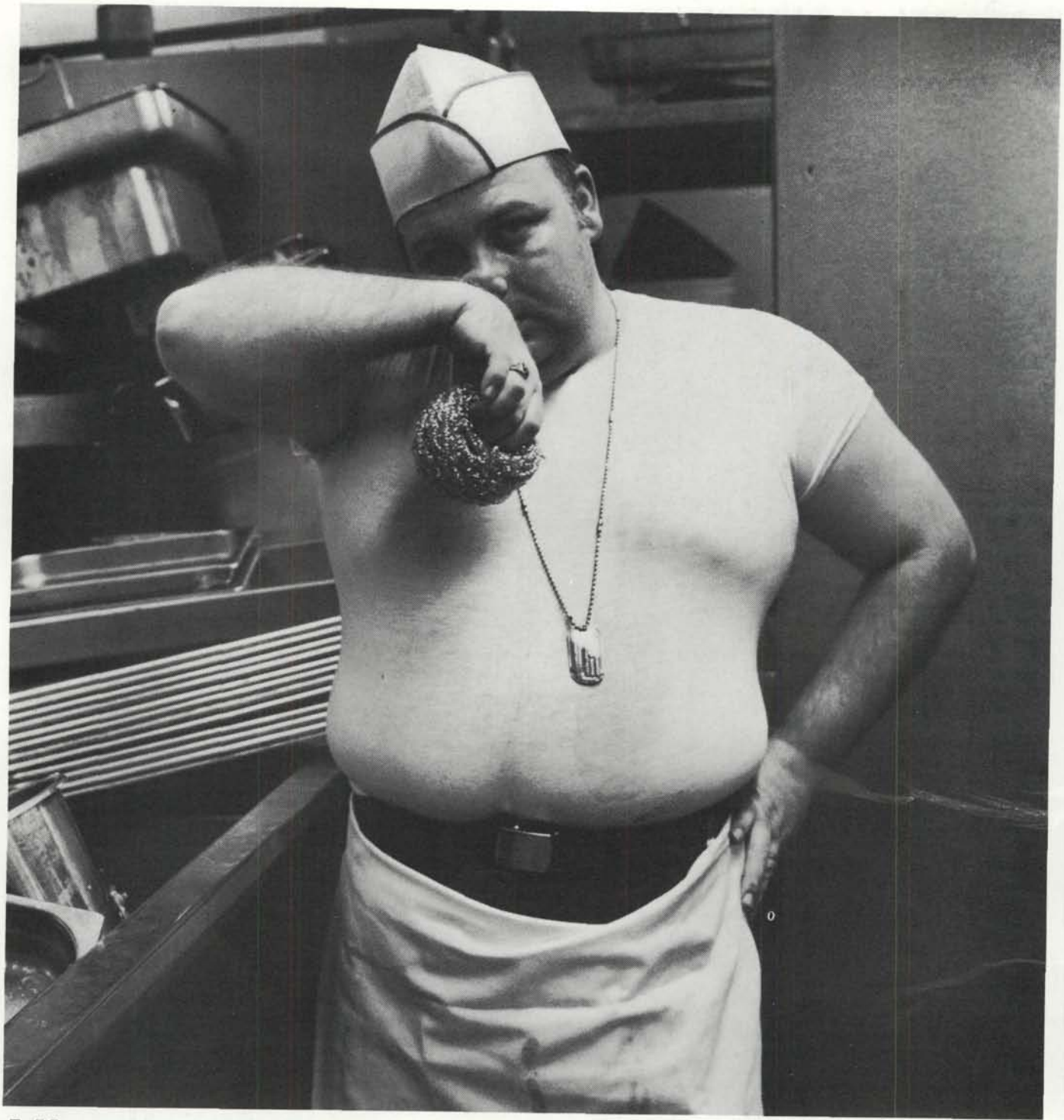

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Famed French anti-Communist searches out the three plagues that could destroy our civilization (even before the Communists get a chance to)

HIPPIES, DRUGS AND PROMISCUITY

by Suzanne Labin

Translated by Stephanie Winston. Complete with Index.

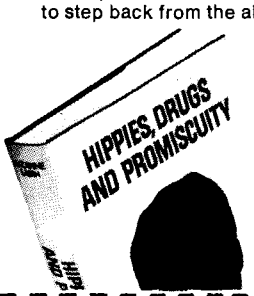
A Selection of the Conservative Book Club.

HERE IS CONSCIOUSNESS THREE—not as fantasy, but as ugly reality. In a fastmoving, novelistic style famed French writer Suzanne Labin takes you on a tour of the hippie underworld — the hell that is gobbling up the children of Liberals . . . yes, and conservatives too. We see their drugs, clothes, hygienic habits (or lack of them), sexual proclivities and amusements; we hear their speech, their debilitating philosophy, their corrosive hatred of all that is decent, their radical politics.

We witness case history after case history: now poignant, now horrifying. We learn just what motivates seemingly intelligent people to become hippies. And we are there for the tragic climax: the wreckage of broken lives.

One chapter, "A Kaleidoscope of Drugs," is a primer for worried parents on what's probably for sale in the local schoolyard. It meticulously describes all the drugs now in use, spells out their long- and short-term effects. You learn which of these poisons will kill, which destroy the character and the mind.

At the end, Mme. Labin fashions an eloquent plea calling the young to step back from the abyss . . . before it's too late. This firm yet sympathetic message would profit every young person in America. And it is a must for parents, clergymen, teachers, physicians, counselors — anyone who works with young people. If there is a young person in your life, *please* — give this book a careful reading.



Suzanne Labin penetrates the underworld of hippies, drugs and promiscuity

- American hippies — drug-crazed Mansons or gentle flower children?
- Why marijuana is *much* more destructive than alcohol
- Depraved hippie haunts on Sunset Strip
- Drug escalation — why it really happens (in spite of what the Liberals tell us)
- The sinister meaning of psychedelic clothes and decorations
- The hippie church where couples copulate on a giant cross
- Why drug-soaked hippies love intense colors
- Porno merchants and hippies — why they go together
- Vestments of protest — the meaning of the weird clothes your child may be wearing
- Hippie capitalists — more rapacious than robber barons
- Public fornication — how widespread is it?
- Why there are so few black hippies
- Drugs and grimy Leftism — a connection?
- Stoned schooldays
- Teeny-bopper drug-pushers
- Drugs as "sacraments"
- Homosexual prostitution in Greenwich Village
- Begging: did you raise your child for this?
- The four kinds of hippies
- The degenerate League for Sexual Freedom
- Sinister Japanese hippies who call themselves Zeros
- Be-ins, smoke-ins, love-ins
- Free love and free syphilis
- New hippie goals: incest and child molesting
- "Omnisexuality" — the hippie answer to marriage
- Obscenity — the new virtue
- Virginity — the new sin
- Communism and the hippies
- The bitter anti-Americanism of the underground press
- Frightening alliance of Leftist hippies and brutal motorcycle gangs
- Perversion for sale: classified ads in underground newspapers
- Why most hippies are bored most of the time — and what this can lead to
- Literary gurus: your child may be in trouble if he admires one of them
- Devil worship among the hippies
- Sexual fascism in hippie communes
- The media — why they romanticize the raunchiest of the young
- Young girls in hippieland — why they fall apart so much faster than the boys
- The high priest of LSD — facts about his background you won't read in the *New York Times*
- Why drug use must be stamped out if our civilization is to survive
- Softheaded American parents who support their children in drug-infested Asian cities
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- Pacifists who want to kill the "pigs"
- Why hippies turn to long-exploded superstitions
- Jerry Rubin — why this monster has appeal for so many
- Sexual brutalization in the kennels of hippiedom
- Why hippies, like all subversives, work to undermine the family

A WORD OF CAUTION...

When discussing the plagues of promiscuity, perversion and pornography, Suzanne Labin is necessarily graphic in her descriptions and examples. So, while most of **Hippies, Drugs and Promiscuity** is suitable and indeed imperative reading for anyone, certain sections should be restricted to mature readers.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 24 JUNE 23, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we take a close look at the arms limitation agreements President Nixon brought back from Moscow. For a thorough analysis of their meaning and consequences we went to **Donald G. Brennan**, one of the top thinkers in the Hudson Institute tank. Dr. Brennan—who has always before supported proposals for international arms control—argues that the Moscow agreements enshrine American strategic inferiority, are based on a fallacious and dangerous theory of "mutual assured destruction" (MAD, he says, acronymically *and* literally), and probably won't work. Dr. Brennan offers facts and figures enough to fuel a great debate, if anyone would care to have one. We will have some comments of our own in an early issue. . . . Open Admissions has come to the City University of New York: anybody who wants to can get in; CUNY will do its damnedest to keep him there, and to hell with Academic Standards. Faculty member **Geoffrey Wagner** (English) describes what it's like to teach under such circumstances ("Look, Thelma, see, you've used *imperialist* four times in this paragraph, *racist* five, and *repressive* twice. Let's try something else here, just to sharpen your point, I mean"). . . . From Rome, **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** surveys the recent Italian elections and sees democracy stumbling off into the night. . . . **C. H. Simonds** wonders if the "blue-collar vote" is in anybody's pocket; **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** writes of the abnormalities of George McGovern, the need to abolish part of the First Amendment, and New York City's newest crisis: dog poop.

—CHS

674 **THE WEEK**

ARTICLES

685 WHEN THE SALT HIT THE FAN *by Donald G. Brennan*
694 ANOTHER GREAT HOAX *by Geoffrey Wagner*

DEPARTMENTS

684 THE PROTRACTED CONFLICT *by James Burnham*
693 LETTER FROM ROME *by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*
696 FOR NOW *by C. H. Simonds*
710 ON THE RIGHT *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
670 FOR THE RECORD ☐ **672** LETTERS ☐ **712** TRANS-O-GRAM

697 **BOOKS**

Guy Davenport on Eudora Welty and Frederick Buechner ☐ Anthony Harrigan on *The Soviet Sea Challenge* ☐ van den Haag on *The Insect Societies* ☐ Will on Merriman Smith's memoirs ☐ Coyne on mysteries ☐ Edmund Opitz on Albert Jay Nock

703 **ARTS & MANNERS**

Ruth Berenson protests Thomas Hoving ☐ David Brudnoy on *The Godfather*, *Le Boucher* and others

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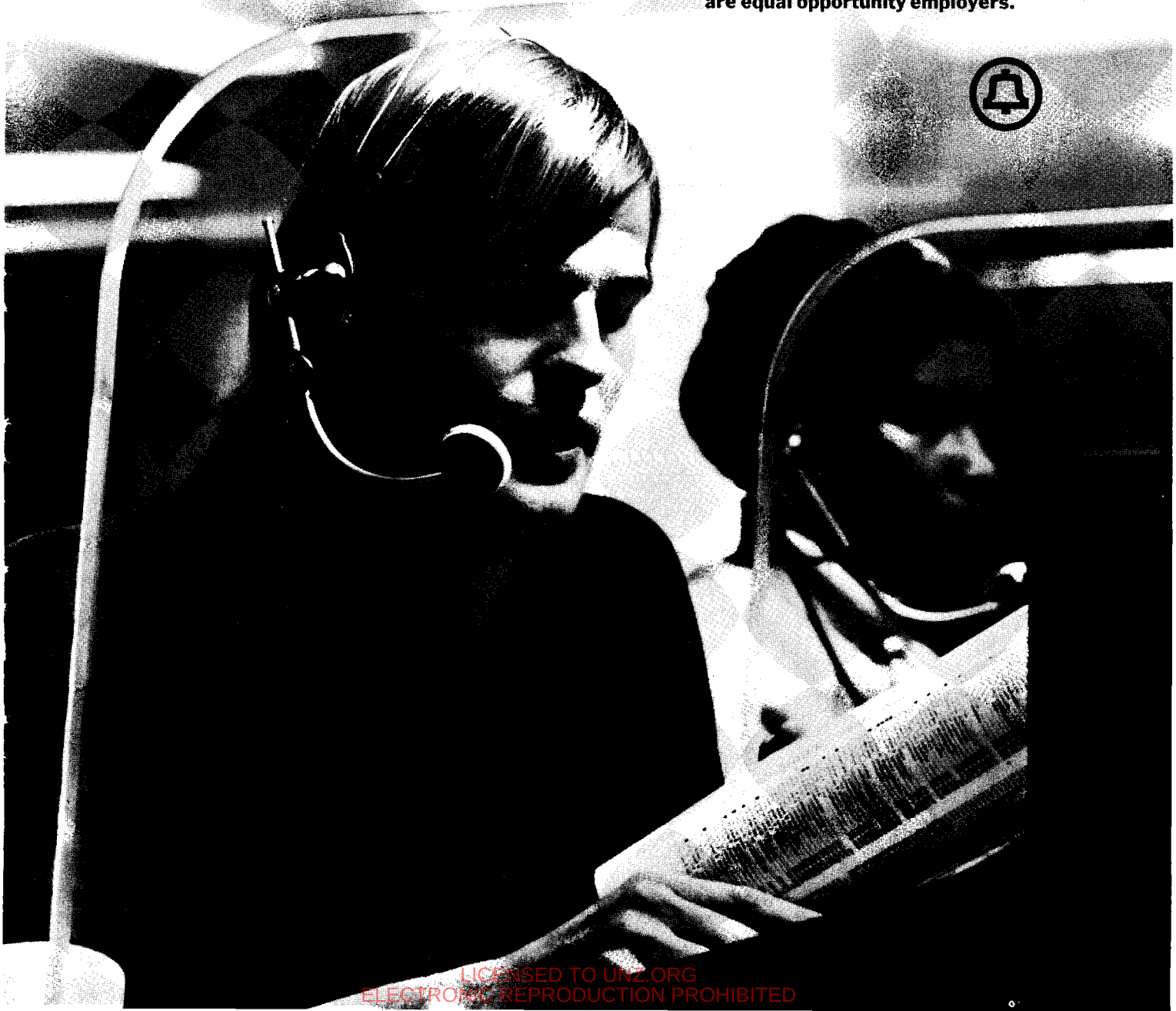

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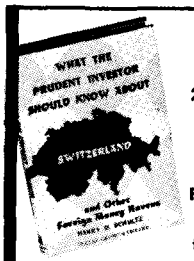

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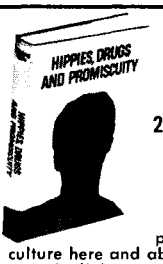
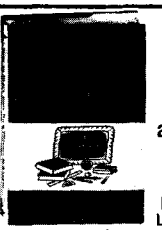


215. Hippies, Drugs and Promiscuity by Suzanne Labin. First book to expose the drug culture here and abroad *and* to trace its links to radical politics and sexual license. Shows what's now on sale in the local school yard, spells out in detail the effects — physical, mental, psychological — of every kind of drug. Vital for parents and for *anyone* involved with young people. Retail price $7.95.



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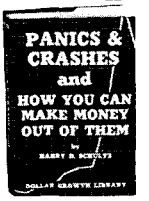

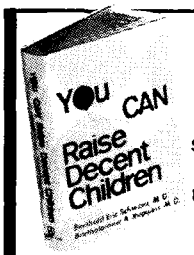

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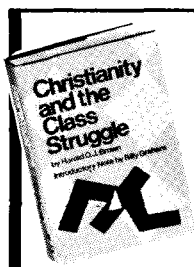

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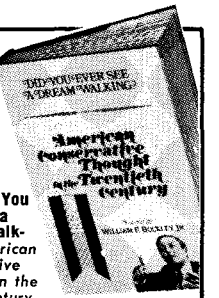

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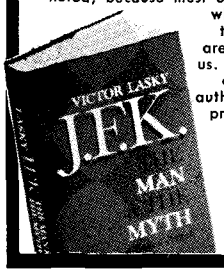

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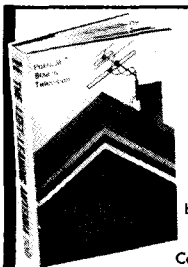

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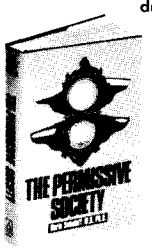

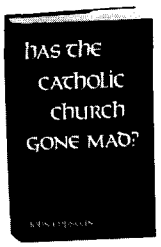

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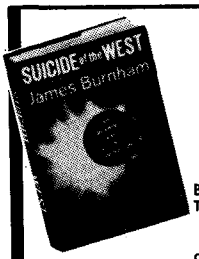

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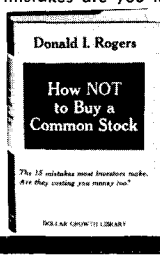

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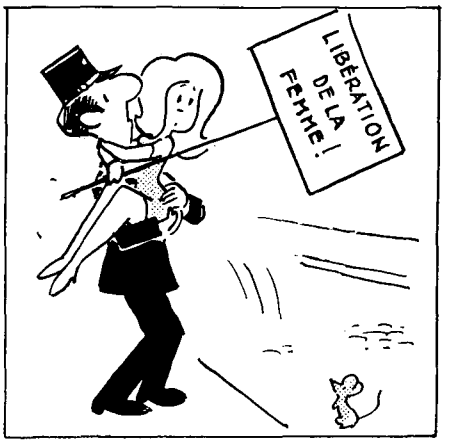
FOR THE RECORD

■ Not so popular win: At Democratic governors' caucus in Houston last week only three governors (**Anderson**, Minnesota; **Kneip**, South Dakota; **Lucey**, Wisconsin) raised their hands when asked if they thought their states would go for **McGovern** against **Nixon** in November. . . . Eight of the governors pledged to **Muskie** said they'd stick, at least through New York primary on June 20. . . . **Leon Irwin III**, national committeeman for Louisiana, predicted a McGovern nomination would "set back the whole progressive thrust [in the South]." . . . Other Southern pols warned that McGovern at head of ticket might result in Republican senatorial victories in Kentucky, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. . . . Also unhappy at recent McGovern sweeps, **George Meany** and **Donald Slaiman**, director of AFL-CIO Civil Rights department. Slaiman says labor would find it easier "to unite behind **Hubert Humphrey** or **Edward Kennedy** than behind George McGovern." . . . On eve of California, McGovern reportedly had spent $700,000 more on California alone than HHH could pony up for his campaigns in California, New Jersey and New Mexico. . . . Right after **Angela Davis** verdict, McGovern addressed a Negro audience, told them: "This is a happy day which I can understand. This is another demonstration that we can be pleased about." . . . Not yet sweeping the nation, **Billy Watkins**' campaign song, the catchy: "We need to be governed by McGovern [Chorus] yes we do."

■ Defense Secretary **Laird** testifying before Congress on consequences of McGovern's proposed $30-billion cut in defense spending: You might as well appropriate $1 billion for "white flags so we can run them up all over the world because the result would be surrender." . . . Senator **Proxmire** says proposed joint Soviet-U.S. space flight should mean that **NASA** could stand even larger cutbacks in its budget. . . . Emerging as the "Proxmire" of the House, Rep. **Les Aspin** (D., Wisc.) who has led the fight to scuttle the space shuttle, to cut down helicopter development funds, to trim the military budget. Aspin was Proxmire's campaign manager in 1964, was later a Pentagon whiz kid, stands fair chance of losing his re-election campaign in the fall. . . .



Padry, *Le Herisson*, Paris — Ben Roth

Recent poll of college students, published in *Chicago Tribune*, shows three out of four favor maintenance of strong U.S. defense. . . . If you can believe the *Daily World* the wives of Senators **Fred Harris**, Edward Kennedy, **Philip Hart** and George McGovern will join in a human chain **Joan Baez** is organizing (women and children only) to surround the Capitol on June 22.

■ Other political developments: Hard week for old-timers. Sen. **Everett Jordan**, 75, lost his primary fight in North Carolina to Rep. **Nick Galifianakis**, 43; former Sen. **Ralph Yarborough**, 69, lost his runoff to **Barefoot Sanders**, 47, a former LBJ aide. . . . In gubernatorial runoff in Texas **Dolph Briscoe**, a Humphrey supporter, beat out liberal Mrs. **Frances Farenthold**, a McGovern woman. . . . On maturer reflection, **John Kenneth Galbraith** has decided against running for the Senate in Massachusetts this year. . . . Most recent poll in hot race between Bellowing **Bella Abzug** and **William Fitts Ryan** in Manhattan gives Mrs. Abzug 42 to 39 lead over Ryan, but with 19 per cent still undecided.

■ Of interest to conservatives: **James Jackson Kilpatrick** has joined CBS' *Spectrum* show, both TV and radio, to bolster conservative position. . . . Columnist **John Chamberlain** (like Kilpatrick an *NR* contributor) will take over as Dean of the School of Journalism at the University of Alabama in September. . . . **Kieran O'Doherty**, a founder of the Conservative Party of New York, has been named to the Foreign Claims Settlement Commission and, **Jacob Javits** having not objected, will get the job. . . . The new Conservative Party of Michigan has filed enough petitions to get on the ballot this November. It is headed by **Robert Huber** who ran close primary race against **Lenore Romney** for the Senate in 1970.

■ About the hijackings: one difficulty is that **450,000 passengers**, with several million pieces of luggage, board planes in the United States alone every day. . . . **Federal Aviation Administration** says eight hundred people were arrested in first quarter of 1972 as potential airplane hijackers. Half of them were found to have concealed weapons. . . . Missing, en route by train from Moscow to Stockholm for a Soviet space show, the craft Vostok, on which **Yuri Gagarin** made man's first flight into space.

■ On sale in Moscow, the book *What Peking Does Not Mention* which tries to refute the Thoughts *of* Chairman Mao by use of quotes *from* Chairman Mao.

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Many thanks,

Donald I. Rogers

Editor

ABOUT *DONALD I. ROGERS*

Mr. Rogers is a highly-respected economic advisor, author (of a dozen books, with another due out next year), columnist and speaker. He gained national recognition as the Financial Editor of that great newspaper, The New York **Herald Tribune.** (In fact, Rogers was one of those who incurred John F. Kennedy's wrath—JFK threw the **Tribune** out of the White House—for his part in the news scoop of the famous Big Steel price rollback. His latest best-seller is "How to Beat Inflation by Using It" and he has just published "How NOT to Buy a Common Stock," which explains how to invest your money while avoiding costly (yet **common**) mistakes. Mr. Rogers brings to **The Economy Report** more than three decades of intimate on-the-job experience with the fast-changing world of finance.

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LETTERS

McGovern

While I agree strongly with Alan Reynolds' analysis of McGovern's tax proposals ["Funny Money," May 26], there is something very wrong with the table "Revenue Loss from 'Loopholes'" on p. 580. The most important loopholes are not even mentioned. The Number One loophole is undoubtedly the personal exemption. I figure that at least 150 million personal exemptions are taken each year and that they result in a total tax loss of at least $18 billion, which is more than the four largest items in the table combined. Many families pay no tax at all as a result of this single loophole.

Second in importance is probably the relatively recent permission to file joint returns on income earned by a single family member.

Palo Alto, Calif. A. H. SAMUEL

I enjoyed "The Economics of George McGovern" section very much; however I have to disagree with the poem by W. H. von Dreele, "Something Frightful This Way Comes." The second line states "We all agree he's got the kids." I am a high-school senior in a very liberal area. In a recent presidential preference poll conducted at my school, President Nixon and George McGovern tied with 30.4 per cent of the votes each, and George Wallace came in a close third.

There are a few loud-mouthed students who make all students look pro-McGovern, but George McGovern at the most has the support of 50 per cent of the students. The majority of students who support McGovern support him not because of what he says (most don't know what he says) but because it is the "In thing" to be liberal.

As long as the adults don't go into left field, George McGovern hasn't a chance in a million of becoming President.

West Hartford, Conn. DAVID W. EKWALL

Election Notes

In your listing of congressional races ["The Week," May 26], you unfortunately reversed the identity of candidates Parris and Tate in Virginia. Tate is a liberal who among other things was an early supporter of Governor Linwood Holton (until it was evident that Holton's man was not going to win the central committee struggle that will now almost certainly be won by Obenshain); he broke the "Eleventh Commandment" by supplying dirt on Parris that the Democrats never tire of using, and he supported George Shafran over the conservative George Mason Green in the lieutenant governor nomination contest. Parris, on the other hand, is a staunch Obenshain supporter in the present contest for party chairman, a Holton opponent, and an outspoken opponent of busing.

LAWRENCE D. PRATT
Executive Director, American
Washington, D.C. Conservative Union

"The Week" [May 26] pits State Senator John Conlan against Morris Udall in the 3rd Congressional District race. We hope John Conlan will join Arizona's congressional delegation, but he will do so only if he is successful in the Republican primary in the newly formed *4th* District.

It appears that the redistricting of Arizona to provide for one more representative conceded the district to be represented by Udall by giving him the most heavily Democratic portions of Maricopa County. On the other hand, the other three districts should elect conservative Republicans. If both Rhodes and Steiger are re-elected and either Conlan or State Treasurer Ernest Garfield gets the nod in the 4th District, Arizona should have a solid delegation, including Goldwater and Fannin, to offset the perfect liberal record of Mr. Udall.

Enjoy most of the articles in *NR*. Keep hammering away at George MisGovern. If his radicalism can be pointed out to the nation, he won't have a chance.

Yuma, Ariz. RALPH WILLIAMS

Witonski Replies

Had my friend Professor Molnar ["Letters," April 28] read my review of General de Gaulle's *Memoirs* more closely, he would have discovered that I am in agreement with him on most issues. I did not go into the General's policy of détente, because I was not reviewing the General so much as his *Memoirs*, which did not deal with this matter in any detail. It should be quite clear from my review that I am highly critical of the General's betrayal of the French Right, and of his movement toward the Left. I state specifically that de Gaulle came to power as the instrument of the French Right; that he turned against the French Right over Algeria; and that he then began to move leftward in all categories. Nevertheless, with all my strong disapproval of Gaullist policy, I continue to find the General a fascinating figure in twentieth-century politics. I should also add that I feel the same way about many modern leaders with whom I am in disagreement. As Professor Molnar, of all people, ought to know, de Gaulle, in his own strange way, was a kind of warped conservative. Like all intellectuals of his day, he had been influenced by Gustave le Bon, Maurice Barrès and Charles Maurras.

Whatever the case, I reject Molnar's view that the Gaullist legacy was totally bad. While the General lived, he commanded a union of leftists, centrists and rightists, which generally followed the leftist lead. His heirs have already moved a long way to the right. It is not for nothing that Tixier, de Gaulle's bitterest critic on the French Right, today allies himself with Pompidou. While Gaullism will not evolve into the kind of party that Professor Molnar admires, it is clear that it will become one of the basic movers of democratic conservatism in Europe. President Pompidou, who is one of the most intelligent and most conservative politicians in Europe today, continues to use the General's memory for symbolic purposes of party unity, but it should be plain to anyone who studies contemporary French politics that de Gaulle's policies no longer hold sway over his old party. If Professor Molnar doesn't believe me, I suggest he question André Malraux.

As for the General's prose, I can only say that I have found it to be the opposite of what Molnar describes, and I am not alone in finding it thus.

Cambridge, Mass. PETER P. WITONSKI

Idabel v. the Escorial

As a longtime masthead contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW as well as Director of Studies for the Summer Institute sponsored by the Society for the Christian Commonwealth which meets in the Escorial, I question the wisdom of the editors in publishing Regis Martin Jr.'s essay, "Idabel Is Well, Thank You" [March 31]. Given that the article attempts to paint an opposition between the spirit of our Escorial Institute and that of the late Professor Willmoore Kendall, an old friend, I deem it incumbent upon my honor and his good name to comment upon Mr. Martin's reasoning.

The fake opposition or dialectic has been spun out of the author's head. It is fashionable nowadays for many conservatives who never knew Kendall to pretend to a pipeline to his deepest convictions. Professor Wilson's essay in *Modern Age* ought to warn them away from attempting to appropriate Kendall to any simplistic political theory. Kendall—I knew him in the most intimate of circumstances during the last decade of his life—saw no contradiction between Philip II's granite glove of defiance thrown up against the Reformation and the Oklahoma town of his birth. He easily accommodated both the Escorial and Idabel. Possibly he ought to have seen a contradiction. He did not.

Professor Kendall was the man who first showed me the Escorial and I shall

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never forget his piety before that great altar: "This is my favorite church in all Christendom." Let critics square that with his Americanism. Willmoore Kendall was four men: an American indeed, but also an Englishman, a Frenchman and a Spaniard. He said the very same thing in 1959 at the *Centro Europeo de Documentación e Información* which met that year at the Valley of the Fallen, a few miles from the Escorial. His eloquent speech was since published in four languages.

It does seem to me somewhat ironic that Mr. Martin would try to play the memory of a dead man off against an educational enterprise headed by a group of journalists and scholars, three of whom were intimate friends of the gentleman in question.

These friends of Willmoore Kendall tread delicately in attempting to evaluate the ultimate significance of the work of that very complicated and brilliant mind. One of his last lectures at the University of Dallas suggested that Catholics ought to form themselves into an enormous ghetto, extending through several states, thus fencing themselves off from the corruption surrounding them. A Quixotic and certainly unrealizable project—advanced really as a paradigmatic model against which reality could be tested—the proposal itself ought to give pause to those who would drape a diseased body politic in the mantle of a very good man.

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN
Professor of Philosophy and Politics
Dallas, Tex. University of Dallas

Professor Wilhelmsen appears seriously affronted by my article. His understanding of its thesis rouses his sense of honor and its publication is to him evidence of editorial unwisdom. After all, should not the editors have wisely suppressed this attempt to detach Kendall from the Escorial? Does not their failure to do so in fact sanction the implied sacrilege my article commits—the effort to soil the spirit of the one and the memory of the other? And anyway: "He [Kendall] easily accommodated both the Escorial and Idabel."

Now, defilement was not obviously my intent. Nor did I wish to conscript, for reasons of "simplistic political theory," the thought of a "complicated and brilliant mind." I am not yet audacious enough "to pretend to a pipeline to his deepest convictions." Accordingly, I feel some deference to Professor Wilhelmsen clearly due. That he and Kendall experienced ten years of circumstantial intimacy is itself a presumption, and so I don't cavil to hear of the latter's "piety" before the cathedral altar, nor doubt the word of the former when he suggests affinities deeply felt by Kendall between the Tridentine defiance of Philip and the town of his birth. What I do object to, however, is the false resolution of Professor Wilhelmsen's narrative: That somehow the Kendall once moved by the Escorial could not ever with consistency be the Kendall moved to champion the truths of American constitutional experience. Yet he did and I dare say Professor Wilhelmsen knows this. The almost rabbinical intensity of Kendall's effort to keep alive "the historical memory" ("to negate the negation" as Professor Jeffrey Hart neatly puts it), surely means that an elaboration of that memory, carefully assembled in the founding documents, is manifestly worth making. How else explain the self-description "Appalachians-to-the-Rockies patriot"? Or that his last unfinished essay is super-saturated with references to "our solemn obligation, as Americans, to value the good health of the American political system"? This is not humbuggery. Any balanced reading of his work is absolutely riveting on the subject. He believed that America, her roots, the traditions of her people, the worthwhileness of her mission, were, all of these things, historically defensible. He was never dishonored by the association. Yet, Professor Wilhelmsen, whose august mind one hesitates to cross, acting from the most chivalrous of impulses, manages almost to discredit the association. The coda of his letter warns against "those who would drape a diseased body politic in the mantle of a very good man." The operative word is "diseased" and it is the thesis of my article that Willmoore Kendall never believed that it was.

Saigon REGIS MARTIN JR.

Berger and the Right

My own appraisal of contemporary conservatism is similar to that of Peter L. Berger ["Intellectual Conservatism: Two Paradoxes," May 12], but goes a bit farther. From the start the best "conservative" writers at *NR* have been former left-intellectuals, students of Marx and Marx's version of the Hegelian dialectic. It was perhaps inevitable that at the start men skilled in the ideological wars, even if from the other side, should lead a renascent conservatism, but in its second decade leaders of a strict conservative derivation should be emerging. But they are not yet in evidence, and apparently the passing of the former Marxists will leave a void at *NR* and other conservative centers.

Berger is right regarding the liberal influence on American conservatism, but wrong in treating it strictly from ideology. The idea of progress, the Western conception of gaining mastery of the material to improve the quality of life in the here and now, is of a far more profound and fundamental character than any of the rational expressions of it, Encyclical or Jacobin or Liberal. Its best expression has been in its practical application in America, in a crusade-style attack on the wilderness, in the creation of an industrial base, in invention and innovation. Or, in Hoffer's words, "repealing the ukase that in

(Continues on page 707)

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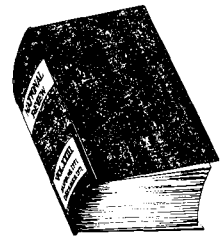

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THE WEEK

■ It's a new gimmick, a psychological stress evaluator, and what it does is evaluate, through your voice, how much stress you're under when asked a question and if you evaluate out stressfully then it's pretty (94.7 per cent) sure that you've told a lie. Can't you see it now. Just before the signing. The President turns to the Secretary General. "Say, Leonid, you're not going to cheat on this one too, are you?" "On my honor as a Communist." And, as the psychological stress evaluator collapses . . . It would mean a lot fewer treaties.

■ The Joint Economic Committee is to be applauded for noticing, as Senator Proxmire put it, that wage-price regulations "have become totally ineffective," and were "a costly mistake." In suggesting that controls should remain on large corporations and be lifted from state and local government employees, however, Proxmire's committee got everything topsy-turvy. Government workers, particularly in large cities, have engaged the largest pay increases of any group except construction workers, while the corporate manufacturing sector has shown the smallest increases, in both wages and prices, over many years.

■ The other result in California, how John Ashbrook ran, should give Richard Nixon and his campaign strategists pause. Ashbrook went into California virtually broke. All the polls indicated he would do badly—one said he would get no more than 3 per cent of the vote. And yet, when the smoke cleared, he had gotten more than 10 per cent with about 200,000 Californians voting for him. And those 200,000 could be crucial in November in any close race. It is a warning to the Administration that there are lots of conservatives out there who can't be taken for granted. It was a demonstration John Ashbrook set out in the first place to make, and in California he succeeded better than he had expected.

■ On May 10, five congressmen, all of them supporters of Sen. George McGovern, introduced House Resolution 976, formally charging President Nixon with "high crimes and misdemeanors," that is, they initiated formal impeachment proceedings in language based upon the Constitution. At first glance, at least, all this seems strictly in the nature of political Camp, hardly more than a rakish gleam in the eye of Bella Abzug and her handful of allies. On May 31, a "National Committee for Impeachment" placed a two-page ad in the *Times* printing the text of HR 976 and noting some of the future plans of the Committee, such as the possible impeachment of Agnew, Mitchell, Kleindienst, etc., etc., and, naturally, soliciting funds. Judging by the names on the ad, the Committee so far has only minuscule and obscure support. The response of the Administration, however—and this is not the first such instance—was grotesquely heavy-handed. When the *Times*' pressmen protested the ad, and briefly held up the printing of an edition, the President dispatched an aide to thank them and present an inscribed pen. John Mitchell and Rep. Gerald Ford praised the *Times*' employees and denounced the ad as "irresponsible." So? Does that justify pressmen's assuming the editorial function? And anyway, what would be left of the *Times*, if irresponsible matter were eliminated?

■ There was a momentary respite from inflation in April, due to the monetary slowdown of last fall. Official optimists were quick to claim this showed the perpetual post-freeze "bulge" was over and controls were working at last. Along came May: The wholesale price index blossomed at an annual rate of 6 per cent; the 5.9 per cent unemployment rate is still with us. In other words, after nine months of the New Economic Policy, we're right back where we started.

■ *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker complains (June 1) that in its study of George McGovern's proposals for the economy (May 26) "NATIONAL REVIEW has totaled everything it could conceivably charge to [McGovern], figured the whole thing as if it would be spent in one fiscal year, and produced the wild figure of $159 billion in proposed expenditures for that mythical year." Wicker then proceeds to list *additional* McGovernisms that were not included in *NR*'s "wild figure": emergency job creation, $10 billion; Social Security increases, $10 billion; revenue sharing, $5 billion; more school spending, $3 billion; Vietnam veterans' benefits, $1.2 billion (all annual figures). Nor did *NR* include the unknown cost of "guaranteed jobs," of providing laid-off defense workers with 80 per cent of their former salaries, of "a fund to give . . . protection against bankruptcy to small business," and, finally, of "an orderly reduction of the national debt." The very limited list *NR* did compile, which Wicker has not questioned, consisted entirely

Whoopee

Yes, Brezhnev learned to say "OK."
  And Moscow's band played "O, Susanna."
Dick gave a Cadillac away
  While being billed as top banana.
However, scrutinize each draft:
  Napoleon and Alexander
Once summited upon a raft
  Amidst a froth of kingly candor.

W. H. VON DREELE

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of *annual* figures—mostly from McGovern's own position papers. It is an inconvenient but unavoidable characteristic of annual expenditures that they *do* occur within "one fiscal year."

■ Increasingly, as the years go by, Senator J. William Fulbright has used his Foreign Relations Committee as an offensive weapon in a running guerrilla war against whatever Administration is in power. The Committee is packed with liberals and its votes are, more often than not, reported on page one, and commended by editorial writers of the journals of note. But in the past month, in three separate votes that emerged out of Fulbright's petulant feud with the USIA, the full Senate has overruled its committee. This doesn't very often happen in the tradition-conscious Senate of the United States. And on the Hill they are whispering that perhaps Bill Fulbright has gone too far, that his star is on the wane.

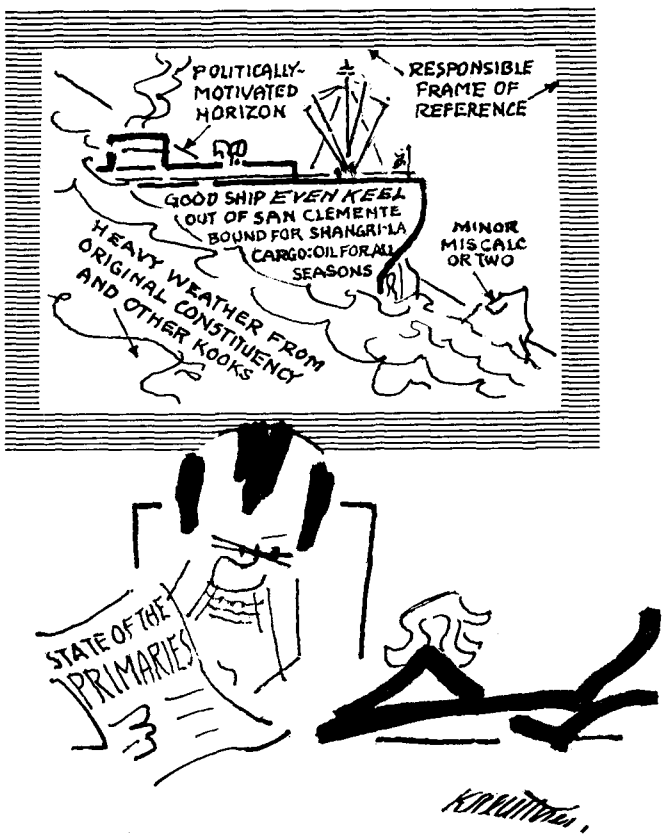
■ As Mussolini once said, "Every child is a child of the state." The Child Development Bill that President Nixon vetoed last year is back, substantially unchanged, in all its family-meddling, social-engineering, mind-manipulating glory. Committees of both Houses have reported it out; action on the floor is imminent. Supporters of the bill are determined to get it through—because, as Jacob Javits says, "We have recognized that the child is a care of the state."

■ For months now, civil war has racked the small African nation of Burundi. As they have for centuries, the Watusi rule the country, even though 86 per cent of the population belongs to the Hutu tribe. A recent unsuccessful Hutu uprising provoked a vicious Watusi reprisal. Thousands of the Hutu have been systematically executed, and, until recently, the Watusi government has made no attempt to curb the indiscriminate killing. Estimates on the number of dead range up to a hundred thousand. Meanwhile, back in the States, the Black Congressional Caucus sponsored a two-day conference of black groups that stridently condemned U.S. policy toward all of Africa and exhorted blacks there to seize economic and political power from whites. Of this latest massacre of black Africans by other black Africans, there wasn't a word.

■ North Vietnam has consistently denied that any of its soldiers has ever, ever crossed the DMZ, and it has always refused to accept or release to its people any information about captured soldiers. Now the Voice of America is broadcasting names of North Vietnamese soldiers being held in South Vietnam. The special VOA broadcasts started May 25 and will continue until the name of each of the thousands of North Vietnamese POWs has been read.

■ The proposed settlement between Britain and Rhodesia, arrived at after a year of negotiation between the governments of Edward Heath and Ian Smith, has gone the way of the earlier efforts by Smith and Harold Wilson, into the wastebasket. Prime Minister Heath has released the report of the Pearce Commission, with its finding that the terms failed to meet the test of "acceptance by the Rhodesian people as a whole." Foreign Secretary Alec Douglas-Home regretfully drew the diplomatic consequences: "The status quo will remain," with the political and economic boycott of "the rebellious government." Although neither side suggested any hope for a renewal of negotiations, Sir Alec added a puzzling sentence or two to the seeming effect that Britain might go along if "the Rhodesians themselves" could come to some sort of "compromise agreement." Swinging into line, the State Department called on Congress to repeal the law passed last year to permit imports from Rhodesia of chrome and other strategic minerals. So that we can go back to purchasing them from the Soviet Union, which the Pearce Commission has not visited.

■ Amherst College's "Announcement of Courses for 1972-73" lists "*Colloquium in Literature, Arts and Society in Renaissance Italy*. A study of relationships between literature, the fine arts, philosophy, and the political and social development of the Italian towns and


POLITICALLY-MOTIVATED HORIZON
RESPONSIBLE FRAME OF REFERENCE
GOOD SHIP EVEN KEEL OUT OF SAN CLEMENTE BOUND FOR SHANGRI-LA CARGO: OIL FOR ALL SEASONS
MINOR MISCALC OR TWO
HEAVY WEATHER FROM ORIGINAL CONSTITUENCY AND OTHER KOOKS
STATE OF THE PRIMARIES

"I have the highest regard for John Ashbrook but he should realize that he's pressuring somebody who is Beyond Redemption. To use an Expansionist but Non-Inflationary metaphor, you can't make a rotten apple edible by squeezing it!"

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the papacy from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries." In addition to Dante, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Alberti, Michelangelo, Petrarch, Donatello and Brunelleschi, the course will examine those well-known Renaissance Italians, Pietro Abelardi, Ezra Libbra and Malcolmo X.

■ Let's see . . . Congress originally appropriated $66 million to build the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. In 1969 it authorized another $12.5 million, on the promise that no more federal money would be needed. Then late last year Congress was told the Center would need $1.5 million *a year* if it was to remain open to tourists during nonperforming hours. (That was around the time somebody found that stagehands were earning as much as $1,500 a week.) Came January, and the Center asked for another $3 million to cover some late-blooming construction costs. Now House-Senate conferees have agreed that the Center should have the $1.5 million to stay open to tourists—this year only. Said Rep. Kenneth J. Gray (D., Ill.): "This is the last time we'll ever have to bail out the JFK Center." One more like that, Gray, and you'll turn to stone.

■ The Intercollegiate Studies Institute annually sponsors four week-long summer sessions "to examine issues of continuing importance to the preservation of a free society." This year's sessions will be "Up from the Wasteland: Man's Quest for Meaning in the Twentieth Century"; "Foundations of the American Heritage"; "The Moral Presumptions of the Free Society"; "The Matrix of Polity: Describing the Limits of the Socially Possible." The summer schools will take place in August, in various parts of the country. The faculty includes Russell Kirk, Jeffrey Hart, Will Herberg, John Davenport, Thomas Molnar, Stephen Tonsor and Gerhart Niemeyer, to name only a few. For more information, write to the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, 14 South Bryn Mawr Avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 19010.

In New York It's a No-No

The city's high-school principals said that a partial count had shown that more than five thousand acts of violence and disruptive behavior had occurred in the high schools since last September.

Accuse the pushers in the slums;
  Nail Rocky to a cross;
Say it's the chiselers and the bums
  Or Lindsay's applesauce.
Blame liberals who've moved away;
  Assail the Woodstock nation.
But never, never (never!) say
  The trouble's integration.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ They wouldn't let him pitch, so he took his bat and ball and went home. One of the archetypal situations of childhood. And something of the sort happened last week to Dan Berrigan at St. Patrick's Cathedral. A Peace Mass had been laid on. The Rev. David Bowman was to preach—a "fervent antiwar Jesuit." Berrigan was supposed to recite the Mass in unison with other fervently antiwar Jesuits and so forth. "Lemmee preach," said Dan, or words to that effect. "No soap," was the reply, "Bowman has his curve ball going good." For a while Dan sulked in a pew. But it was just too much to bear, and so he walked out with 250 "followers" and held his own rival peace service on the front steps of the church, very inconspicuously, mind you, the location being Fifth Avenue in New York City. Oh yes, he got his photo, quarter profile, in the *New York Times.*

■ United Bank Robbers of America, beware. The Scene: "This is a stickup. Put the cash in the bag. Don't move and no one's going to get hurt." The bank robber grabs the bag, backs out, gets into a car that hurtles off with screaming tires. "Anyone after us?" "No." The bandits relax, grin at each other. Then, whammo, the funny money in the bag of currency blows up in their faces. Nausea gas billows through the car staining them an indelible purple. They cough, gasp, get out, are collared. It's American ingenuity at work, the latest technological gimmick in the never-ending game of cops and robbers.

The McGovern Phenomenon

In California McGovern failed to get the overwhelming sweep the polls had predicted, in their fashion, a few days before the primary, but he won handily there, and on the same day took New Jersey, New Mexico and his own South Dakota in stride. Humphrey will not offer even token resistance in New York. By all the signs, only the last-minute entry of Teddy Kennedy could have any chance of blocking McGovern's nomination. And it is probably too late for that, even if Kennedy hadn't himself, by all accounts, ruled it out.

Over the past several weeks, political analysts, columnists and editorial writers throughout the land have been publicly asking themselves, "Where did we go wrong about the chances for the McGovern candidacy?" For we did go wrong, nearly all of us, *NR* among the rest. We all said, even as late as the Florida primary, essentially the same thing: that George McGovern couldn't make it because he had too narrow a base and too off-beat a program to enlarge it sufficiently. Even on the evidence to date, it may still be too early to ditch this analysis altogether. Granted he is the nominee, McGovern may nevertheless be too far off-center to win a majority of all voters, which is, certainly, on average a degree or two closer to center than the average of Democratic voters. We undoubtedly misjudged, however, 1972's political dynamics. →

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Memo to: NR Readers, young and old

From: J.P. McFadden

Re: something that may interest you

Last Chance

Two years ago Bill Buckley brought out a book that every student or young person ought to have handy, and almost anybody (not just conservatives) would, I think, enjoy having. Yet the book remains virtually unknown. So I want to tell you about it -- and also explain how you can get a copy of it right now (for yourself, or for some young person you care about) for less than a dollar (95¢, to be exact).

The original edition was called "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" and was big and expensive (over 550 pps., $8.50). It was published almost simultaneously with two other books by WFB, both of which got much more publicity and attention, causing this one, as I say, to be overlooked, which was a shame, because in many ways it's the most unusual thing Bill has ever done: he has brought together, in this one volume, the best conservative thought of the century, which he personally selected and edited (and introduces to you with an original and illuminating essay).

In addition, it includes selections from Frank S. Meyer, James Burnham, Whittaker Chambers, Willmoore Kendall, Max Eastman, Henry Hazlitt, Milton Friedman, John Courtney Murray, Albert Jay Nick, Ernest van den Haag, Jane Jacobs, Russell Kirk, Hugh Kenner, Leo Strauss, Christopher Dawson, Eric Voegelin, Jeffrey Hart, among others perhaps less well-known to the average reader.

It is carefully indexed, so that you can instantly find that quote you want, and also arranged according to subjects, so you can pick and choose just what you like.... As a matter of fact, there is so much one could say about this book that it is not at all easy to describe. I asked Bill: "How would you describe it?" and he answered: "Well, it's all the things I wish I could say when somebody runs up to me after a speech or whatever, and says 'Mr. Buckley, what do you think I should read?'" It is certainly a book worth having.

The point is, it is now available, unabridged, in a handsome new softcover edition. Although right now still so expensive ($3.75), our hope is that enough of you will rush to get a copy that our quantity discount (plus no billing charges) will allow us to send you a postpaid copy for just 95¢ -- and we'll mail it to you, or to anyone you designate on the card opposite this page. With graduation time upon us, this is the perfect time to get one (or more -- you may want to send a gift subscription of NR to the student as well) of these books at a price so low that we may not be able to repeat the offer.

So I hope you will use the card facing this page right now, before you forget. It has full instructions about how to order, for yourself, for others, etc., and at this low 95¢ price you really can't afford to miss it, right? Many thanks.

J.P.Mc.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In 1964 Barry Goldwater received 38.5 per cent of the popular vote and 52 electoral votes from six states. He lost every county in New York and New Jersey—something no one had done before. He lost every county but one in Wisconsin, and all but three in Michigan. His running-mate lost his own district by thirty thousand votes.

In 1960 and 1962 the GOP had increased its strength in Congress and state legislatures. In 1964 the collapse at the top of the ticket cost Republicans Senate seats in New Mexico, New York and Ohio, and probably kept Republicans from winning in Nevada, Oklahoma, Wisconsin and Wyoming. The GOP lost 38 seats in the House of Representatives and 550 seats in state legislatures. In 1962 the GOP had controlled both houses in eighteen legislatures. The 1964 debacle drove the number down to six.

Eight years later, Washington has one question on its one-track mind: Is Senator McGovern a "Democratic Goldwater"? Would his nomination produce a Nixon landslide and devastating Democratic losses?

The White House thinks so and is purring in happy anticipation of the deluge. The press agrees, sullenly. But this rare agreement between cobra and mongoose should make both uneasy. Two months ago the White House and the press agreed that McGovern could not be nominated.

Here are nine reasons for believing McGovern will not be a "Goldwater" and could be a winner.

1. Goldwater did not hunger for the Presidency. His campaign reflected that fact. McGovern lusts after the Presidency and has campaigned tirelessly for two years.

2. Goldwater was hounded by an implaccably hostile press. McGovern will be sheltered or promoted—depending on the need—by a friendly press.

3. Goldwater ran against a President who had been placed in power by a recent tragedy and was still basking in the affection earned by his graceful handling of the transition. McGovern will oppose a President who probably is less popular than Johnson was eight years ago.

4. In 1964 fewer than 30 per cent of the electorate was registered Republican. In 1972 McGovern will start with approximately 42 per cent of the electorate registered Democratic. In 1968, Nixon had 45 per cent in the Gallup poll *before* the riotous Democratic Convention. He had 43 per cent immediately after. He received 43 per cent election day.

5. Goldwater won the nomination without a single impressive primary showing. This year no Democrat could win without doing well in some primaries and McGovern has done very well indeed. In 1964, the GOP field had sorted itself out in time for the California primary. Goldwater nipped Rockefeller with 51.6 per cent of 2.17 million votes cast. This year, the Democrats sorted themselves out for a straight fight in California between McGovern and Humphrey. McGovern received 44 per cent of the three million votes cast.

6. No pipedreams about "emerging Republican majorities" can obscure the fact that 1968 should have produced a Nixon romp. Humphrey should have been "a Goldwater." Humphrey's party had just given the nation the eight worst years of government since the "doughface" Democrats of 1852-60. Yet Humphrey came within an ace of winning. One more vote per precinct would have done it. There was a Democratic rip-tide running by early November. McGovern will run without Humphrey's major disadvantages. He represents no incumbents. This year's Convention will not be as raucous as the last one.

7. This year, there are 25 million new voters. If McGovern were to get only 55 per cent of those, he would gain an immediate 2.5 million vote advantage—five times Nixon's winning margin in 1968.

8. Ah, says the White House, we will expose the *real* McGovern, the "radical." But Humphrey spent nearly a month in California "exposing" McGovern and McGovern thrived on the exposure. California is full of defense and aerospace industries. Anti-welfare appeals are proven vote-getters there. Humphrey hammered away at McGovern's votes against the Lockheed loan and the SST, and at McGovern's proposed defense cuts and welfare extravaganzas. The hammering did not prevent a McGovern victory.

9. Goldwater's blunders, magnified by the press, created the two big issues of 1964, the supposed Goldwater threats to the Social Security system and world peace. McGovern makes few blunders. On the principal foreign policy issue—Vietnam—McGovern articulates the generalizing disgust of the electorate. And the President will be hard put to demonstrate a significant difference between his most recent "peace" terms and McGovern's formula for surrender. The principal domestic issue this year is a generalized disgust with the intrusiveness and cost of government. In a year of feisty anti-Establishment feeling, it will take more than Agnew rhetoric to distract the voters from the fact that Nixon *is* the government Establishment.

So, is McGovern "a Goldwater"? Probably not, but we will know for sure when he chooses a running-mate and delivers an acceptance speech in Miami.

When Goldwater launched into his fire-and-brimstone acceptance speech about "extremism in the defense of liberty" a reporter in the press gallery exclaimed, "My God, he's going to run as Goldwater." If McGovern's speech is full of gloating, corrosive rhetoric about the triumph of "the new politics" and the shame of "the Establishment center" he will have decided to run as McGovern and he may become "a Goldwater."

Goldwater chose to run with William Miller, who was almost as ideologically pure as he was obscure. If McGovern chooses, say, John Gardner of Common Cause ("the people's lobby") or Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota, the Senate's most ardent busing advocate, he will be putting purity over politics, and a feckless campaign will begin. But if McGovern choses Senator Stevenson of Illinois, Senator Bentsen of Texas, Senator Tunney of California or Governor Gilligan of Ohio, then we will know that McGovern is serious about winning.

—CATO

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We must now conclude that the structural disintegration of the electorate—or at least of the white electorate—has gone considerably further than we had supposed. The old ties and loyalties—to party, trade union, local boss and machine, church, neighborhood—and the more or less predictable voting patterns based on them, no longer bind. The electorate tends toward dissolution into an anonymous mass. The mass, the mob—unstable, fickle, swaying with the changing winds of political fashion and feeling—is the correlate of the demagogue; the two are inseparably linked in their shifting pas de deux.

Thus, in this campaign it is the candidates who are most nearly demagogues—George Wallace and George McGovern—to whom the mass has responded, while the others are ignored and cast aside. (And even Richard Nixon, though his temperament is not formed in the demagogic mold, responds in his way with the tested demagogic rhetoric of perpetual peace.) McGovern, with his quiet manner, flat dull voice and square clothes, is not like the standard caricature of the demagogue, but when we look more closely we see that he is in a classic American demagogic tradition: of the well-dressed, well-spoken stranger in town who looks and talks like a doctor or vestryman as he sells us his snake oil that cures all ailments.

What Hath SALT Wrought?

Elsewhere in this issue Donald Brennan, with the authority derived from long acquaintance with the profounder problems of military strategy in the nuclear age, analyzes the terms of the treaty on defensive antimissile systems and the "Interim Agreement" (as it is called) on offensive strategic missiles that were signed at the Moscow Summit. *NR* will be having a good deal to say about these first pillars of SALT in the weeks to come. We limit ourselves here to two preliminary notes.

1. The two documents were signed in the Kremlin at 11:00 P.M. Moscow Time, May 26. The press corps was called together at 10:05 P.M. to hear about their content from Henry Kissinger and the chief U.S. SALT negotiator, Ambassador Gerard C. Smith. The journalists, who were going to have to send their first dispatches immediately after the signing ceremonies, were not given a copy of the accords because no copies existed—the final texts having been agreed on only that same evening by Ambassador Smith and Soviet chief negotiator Semenov during their air flight from Helsinki to Moscow. After the Kissinger-Smith presentation there remained ten minutes for questions. When Kissinger answered what Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler stated was to be the last question, one of the journalists spoke plaintively: "Could I make a plea to you [Kissinger] and Ron [Ziegler] as well? It has taken thirty months to get this treaty. The Senate of the United States wants to know what is in it. There is an argument about it. We have been out of our hotel an hour and a half. We get ten minutes of questions and tomorrow it is going to be our fault for screwing it up and creating political trouble. Can somebody pass up the champagne and let's keep this going?"

His plea fell upon deaf ears, with a consequence that may prove of lasting import. In their presentations both Kissinger and Smith had repeatedly referred to "the freeze" on strategic missiles established by the two accords, and this was the sense of the reports that emanated from the press corps to the world that night. To most people, a "freeze" would mean a halt in further strategic missile deployment, more or less comparable to the way a "ceasefire in place" means you stop shooting and stay where you are. And to many people, such a freeze sounds like a fair and reasonable proposition: Both sides have been making out on the present basis, whatever the precise strategic balance of the moment, so probably both can continue to make out by freezing.

In truth, however, there is no question of a freeze in Treaty or Interim Agreement. Or more exactly, the Interim Agreement does prescribe a freeze on the number and size of *American* offensive missile launchers, both land-based and underseas, but for Soviet offensive missiles there is only a *ceiling* (as Kissinger and Smith occasionally recognized), not a freeze; and for both sides it is a ceiling, not a freeze, that applies to its defensive missile system. The ceiling on Soviet offensive missiles is so defined (as Donald Brennan's statistics demonstrate) as to grant superiority to the Soviet Union in both the number and megatonnage of land-based and underseas missiles, and in number of warheads as well if and when the Soviet Union is ready to switch to MIRVs.

As everyone realizes, the public impression of a dramatic event is almost always derived chiefly from the first spate of reports.

2. Within 24 hours of signing, the President ordered the shutdown of work on the second of our two ABM missile-site installations. Nevertheless, before they become law both accords are subject to congressional action: the Treaty requiring ratification by a two-thirds vote in the Senate; the Agreement, endorsement by a majority vote of each House. The President has expressed confidence in quick and overwhelming congressional approval, as have the congressional leaders of both parties. No one has suggested doubt about the ultimate congressional action, but it may not be quite so quick as the President hopes. The procedures of Congress are not designed for speed, and there are at least a few members of both Houses determined that committee hearings on the texts shall be extensive enough to probe exactly what the nation's commitments will be, and why. It is possible, even probable, that, as has happened more than once in connection with past treaties, explicit reservations or "interpretations" to this Treaty and Interim Agreement will be proposed, and perhaps adopted, as insurance against the alarming possibilities which, as they study the documents, some members of Congress are beginning to suspect.

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Angela Freed

For the second time in recent weeks the prosecution has lost a highly visible, politically significant case turning on the issue of "conspiracy," first in the trial of Berrigan et al. in Harrisburg, and now in the case of Angela Davis.

In the Angela Davis case, the murder and kidnaping charges depended logically on proving the conspiracy charge, for the state did not contend that Angela herself took part in the Marin County shootout. It based its case on the uncontested fact that the guns employed were registered in her name, and that she was a close friend of Jonathan Jackson, who smuggled the guns into the courtroom, and on the claim that she was, as suggested by letters and diaries, in love with "Soledad Brother" George Jackson, whom she hoped to free from prison by means of the Marin County kidnaping. The murder and kidnap charges against her resulted from a California law which provides that anyone supplying the weapons under such circumstances, with intent, is guilty of the felonies.

The prosecution apparently failed to convince a single juror of the existence of a conspiracy. The initial vote reportedly was nine for acquittal, three undecided; and in short order the jury reached a unanimous verdict. One conclusion to be drawn here, therefore, is that juries are skeptical about conspiracy allegations. The law itself is complex, and juries customarily, as at Harrisburg, ask for repeated reading and explanations of it; the prosecution often must resort to arguments from circumstances and inference. In both the Harrisburg and Angela Davis cases, it is now quite clear, federal and state officials badly overrated the chances of successful prosecution.

On the day of the verdict, the scene in the courtroom and its environs was unedifying. Instead of the seraphic stuff of the Harrisburg defendants, we had the predictable weeping and moaning, plus some ideology frozen into pellets of dry-ice hardness. Howard Moore Jr., one of the four defense attorneys, provided the official defense interpretation: a) "I knew that when any jury anyplace in this country returned a verdict that it would be not guilty," but b) "It took a worldwide movement of people to acquit Miss Davis." That is, her innocence was so palpable that any jury, anywhere, would perceive it, but the society is so far gone in racism that a worldwide movement was necessary to remove the scales from the eyes of the San Jose jury, which otherwise would have returned a verdict of guilty. (Overlooking this compliment, most of the jurors, with spouses, celebrated the verdict with Angela at a party that night.) Angela herself sourly refused a good word for the U.S. judicial system, and characterized the verdict as a "people's victory." It remained only for Judge Arnason to cap it all with a passage from G. K. Chesterton in praise of juries: When our civilization "wants a library catalogued, or the solar system discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done that is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing about. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the founder of Christianity."

And, if we remember right, that puts Angela one up, because His twelve were not unanimous. It figures. And from the academic offers now doubtless piling up on her desk, it would be poetic if Angela selected the Kingman Brewster Professorship of Philosophy at Yale.

The Whitelaw Strategy

Violence has continued to be a daily feature of life in the Six Counties ever since William Whitelaw—in effect, the British government's proconsul—took over political control as "Secretary for Northern Ireland." However, Mr. Whitelaw has been methodically pursuing a carefully thought-out strategy designed not for immediate and therefore superficial results, but to lay the foundation for a more fundamental resolution of Northern Ireland's anarchy.

In accord with British tradition, the Heath-Whitelaw strategy is a middle ground between two extremes which have influential advocates in both Britain and Ireland. On one wing, Enoch Powell and much of the Conservative Party's right, along with most of the Protestants in the now dissolved Stormont parliament, propose head-on use of massive military force. Many army officers also think this the best solution. They claim that the number of active IRA terrorists is so small that a hard, determined drive would soon root them out.

Those on the opposite wing, rather like our doves, favor pulling out all British troops, at least from the heavily Catholic districts near the border, and letting the Irish fight it out among themselves.

Whitelaw's strategy is focused on the aim of winning the Catholic masses away from the IRA, a task in which he believes recent IRA excesses, with their bloody consequences even for children and uninvolved women, are aiding him. To this purpose he has been freeing many of the detainees, not all at once but day by day so that he prolongs the cheering effect of the releases. He has arranged, also with maximum publicity, improvements in the physical conditions and treatment in Long Kesh, now the only remaining internment camp. He has wooed the Catholic hierarchy with some success. He talks frequently in public about the big development plans, including a $150-million urban improvement scheme for IRA-dominated Londonderry, that are going forward. He has seen to it that a number of released detainees and prisoners have been paid substantial damages for claimed mistreatment. He makes a practice of walking, and talking with people, in the streets, in a lower-key Lindsay style. And he uses all his authority and art to hold back the violent Protestant backlash threatening from William Craig's Vanguard movement.

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The critics of this strategy of indirect approach claim its net effect is only to give the IRA a relatively quiet period in which to consolidate the gains it has already made and prepare for victories to come. Whitelaw and Prime Minister Heath hope a) that their course will isolate the terrorists from the masses, thus depriving them of their sanctuary in the homes of the Catholic districts and exposing them to relatively simple police roundup; and b) that when the violence is thus sufficiently damped, it will be possible to bring both Catholics and Protestants of Northern Ireland as well as the Irish Republic and Britain to the negotiating table.

Chilean Notes

President Allende suffered a significant defeat last week when Chile's Central Labor Union (CUT) elected new officers. Members of the CUT, which has been Marxist-dominated since its founding in the 1950s, voted by direct secret ballot for the first time. Full returns are not in as this is written, but it is clear that the Christian Democratic candidate, Ernesto Vogel, beat or almost beat Communist Luis Figueroa for the presidency of the CUT. Either way, the vote represents a serious loss of face for Allende's Unidad Popular, showing as it does that the workers—especially in the newly nationalized banks and copper mines—are by no means solidly behind the "workers' president."

"The vote," says Christian Democratic leader Renán Fuentealba, "is a repudiation of the indiscriminate extension of state control." Perhaps more exactly, of the unhappy consequences of state control and state fiddling with the economy: runaway inflation (real prices have risen about 35 per cent since Allende took over); shortages (sugar, matches, eggs, meat, wine—if it can be found, the customer must bring his own bottle to be filled—potatoes, paper products); deterioration (as trained managers and technicians are replaced in state enterprises by "politically reliable" neophytes, service and quality decline).

Pessimists are beginning to talk of civil war. The Communist local government and Allende's coalition were caught in the middle when Christian Democrats and revolutionary leftist Miristas clashed, bloodily, in the streets of Concepción last month. In the province of Cautín, far in the south, small landholders, banded together into a "Guardia Blanca," continue to repossess farms seized by the Miristas. Soon they may decide to take back holdings seized under the Allende government's "land reform" program. An English observer notes that the government is now taking the property of small holders, people "who cannot fly off to Buenos Aires or Paris, and . . . are defending themselves." Last month, forging doggedly ahead, Allende released a list of 91 more firms that will be expropriated through government purchase of private shareholdings. The business community, inspired by the example of the shareholders in Papelería (Compañía de Manufactera de Papeles y Cartones) who last year said no thanks, they weren't selling, seems determined to resist. Congress has stalled the move; Allende has said he won't be deterred. Should he go directly to the people in a plebiscite, he might very well lose—as the results of the CUT vote suggest.

Stanford on Shockley

Since Hitler's persecution of the Jews, commencing in the 1930s, the serious discussion of racial characteristics, including variation in intelligence, has been effectively excluded in Western culture. Little has been published on it, pro or con; Ford and Guggenheim award no grants for the investigation of the subject; it is not a subject for research in the pertinent university departments.

Yet from the very beginning of modern science the axiom has been fundamental that no subject matter whether sacred or surrounded by taboo, could be ex-

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cluded from scientific investigation. And this axiom has prevailed. The scientific method has been applied to history, including Scripture; it has been applied to the study of the mind and to the investigation of sexuality. And recently reputable scholars, notably Jensen at Berkeley and Herrnstein at Harvard, have succeeded in reopening the issue of racial variation—which, after all, has not been scientifically settled one way or another. Naturally, both scholars have become storm-centers and targets of personal abuse.

William Shockley of Stanford represents a more ambiguous case. His professional accreditation is not in genetics but in physics (he received a Nobel Prize in 1954 as co-inventor of the transistor); furthermore, his espousal of the idea that racial variations in intelligence are 80 per cent inherited has had an evangelical, extra-scientific quality absent in the work of Jensen and Herrnstein.

Nevertheless, Shockley is not a mere dabbler or charlatan, and the refusal of Stanford to allow him to offer a graduate course in the issues he has been raising must be judged transparently hypocritical. In explanation of the refusal, Dean Lincoln E. Moses noted that Shockley's proposed reading list was directed "almost wholly to your own views." But the lopsided reading list is an academic commonplace, and if Stanford applied that criterion across the board the university would be offering rather fewer courses than it currently does. In addition, Dean Moses explained to Shockley, "your description of the course displays it as polemical—a quality not generally objectionable in a professor's communications, but inappropriate to his classroom instruction." Ideally speaking, this may be true; but in the real world, most courses outside of the so-called hard sciences have a polemical intention, usually barely concealed.

Meanwhile, at Sacramento State College, controversy still rages over a Shockley appearance on the campus some months back, when he was prevented from speaking by a mob of students. Since then, the sociology professor who invited Shockley has been subjected to "administrative harassment," and the president of the academic senate has announced that in his opinion "academic freedom now needs some qualification." Heh heh heh. The Dean of Students was a little more specific: "Maybe freedom of speech doesn't mean the campus is wide open. Maybe it involves our being a bit more sensitive and aware." Eldridge Cleaver, sí; Herbert Marcuse, sí; Herbert Aptheker, sí; Angela Davis, sí; but William Shockley, no-no.

Herschensohn v. Fulbright

The following editorial was written by Heinz Barth, for *Die Welt*:

"We should remember the name Bruce Herschensohn. It is the name of a courageous official who had the rare pluck to challenge Senator Fulbright. Herschensohn said what many others hardly dare to think—that the almost almighty chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has 'simplistic, naïve and stupid' ideas on international problems. Frank Shakespeare, Director of the United States Information Agency, of whose film and TV services Herschensohn was in charge, had no alternative but to apologize to the Senator in writing.

"He certainly did not do so with a light heart. For Shakespeare recently shared the fate of many other functionaries of the Administration whom Fulbright tells off like schoolboys whenever they appear before his committee. But what else could the USIA chief do? . . . One must knuckle under unless one wants to see the Senator turn off the tap for USIA as he tried to do with some success in respect to Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe.

"The man who did not knuckle under was Bruce Herschensohn. He resigned in order not to give Fulbright a pretext for taking revenge in the controversy over the USIA budget. He did not retract any of his statements. Instead he called a press conference in which he accused Fulbright of having damaged America's interests by his attack on the Munich stations. There still are men in Washington's political quagmire who have the courage of their convictions. Herschensohn has lost his job; but in the eyes of many of his colleagues he has tremendously enhanced his prestige."

Notes & Asides

■ MEMO TO: Bill Buckley
FROM: Bill Rusher
DATE: June 1, 1972

It might be more fun just to let Willis Carto and his various stooges and fronts stagger on from blunder to blunder, but I suppose we have an obligation to keep the record straight.

The May 1972 issue of *Liberty Lowdown* consists of a long string of garbage constituting (in the words of the June 1972 issue of *Liberty Letter*) "proof that the publisher of a supposedly 'conservative' magazine in New York—NATIONAL REVIEW—is actually a member of a pro-Red China/front group, the National Committee on United States-China Relations, along with more than 200 one-worlders, reds and CFR leaders." The May 15 issue of *Washington Observer* briefly rehashes the same charge.

In the circumstances, I think our readers might be interested in the following letter which I received over four years ago from one of the principal representatives of Nationalist China in the United States:

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[Letterhead of]
Chinese Information Service
An Agency of the Government of the Republic of China

May 28, 1968

"Mr. William A. Rusher
Publisher
The National Review
150 East 35th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Dear Bill,

I am returning herewith the material you so kindly lent me. You don't know how grateful we are to have you sitting in the National Committee for U.S.-China Relations. While it pretends to take no position on the China question and professes to be interested only in stimulating discussion, the Committee has studiously kept its doors closed to those like Walter H. Judd and David N. Rowe.

It is important that you take an active part in its work, and really give it the balance which seems to be conspicuously lacking so far.

With best personal regards,

Sincerely yours,
I-cheng Loh
Director"

Incidentally, as you know, I have just returned from Taiwan, where I had talks with Vice President Yen, Cardinal Yu-pin and many of our other friends. I am glad to report that morale is high, and that Free China is getting stronger every day.

■ Division for the Blind and Physically Handicapped
The Library of Congress
Washington, D.C. 20542

Dear Mr. Buckley:

During the past two years you have generously offered us copyright permission to record single issues of NATIONAL REVIEW for the Talking Book-Magazine-of-the-Month series.

Many readers have requested that we regularly offer a recorded edition of NATIONAL REVIEW and we are now in a position to satisfy these requests.

The recorded edition on 8 rpm discs would be produced by a nonprofit organization and circulated on free loan to blind and physically handicapped persons who are registered as eligible for this service.

We would appreciate your permission to record NATIONAL REVIEW regularly beginning with the September 1972 issue.

Sincerely,
Robert S. Bray, Chief

Dear Mr. Bray: Permission granted, with great pleasure. Yours faithfully, —*WFB*

Dear Bill:

In my review "Calamitous Cardinal" on page 594 you have the following sentence (in the parentheses of the first paragraph after the semicolon) "and martyrs such as Dietrich Bonhöffer were sacrificed for their own moral principles and not, I thank God, for denomination . . ."

I actually wrote "and martyrs such as D.B. sacrificed for their own moral principles and not, I think, God, denomination . . ."

What was printed is obviously very different from what I wrote and meant. I should like a correction, but leave it to your judgment.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

And maybe an improvement? . . . —*Ed.*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It is a lovely spring day and I have spent the morning reading *Cruising Speed* and I enjoyed it. Having said I enjoyed your book, I must add that I was especially titillated by your description of ending the day on Wednesday with drinks, held up by the fact that you could not find the key to the liquor closet. That the editorial officials of NATIONAL REVIEW have a locked liquor closet raises some interesting thoughts. I dismissed my first idea that you had made it company policy to hire reformed alcoholics but did not want to tempt them and am now wavering between the thought that it is either a simple case of keeping the booze from the servants or the more interesting conjecture that certain members of the editorial staff tend to tipple during the editorial day, which would explain some of the editorial output at NATIONAL REVIEW.

Sincerely,
Ellen Emmert
Cooksville, Maryland 21723

Dear Ms. Emmert: Of course! In vino veritas. —**WFB**

Bad Tomatoes

Tomatoes—and I'm throwing bricks
At lousy fruit, not gorgeous chicks—
Have thickened up and lost their juice
Until they're tougher than a moose.
They pick them early, hard and green;
They sort them quickly by machine;
They ship them in a railroad car
(Refrigerated, if it's far);
They color them with ethylene;
They wax 'em to be sure they're "clean."
But worst of all, you can't bombard
McGovern with them, they're so hard.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Heart of the Matter

IT DID NOT take long for Moscow to signal its estimate of the Summit. On May 29 Secretary Brezhnev and President Nixon signed the Twelve Point Declaration of Principles that wound up the Summit protocol. On June 1 the Kremlin's new protégé, Iraq, seized the 1.1 million barrel a day Kirkuk oil field of the Iraq Petroleum Company, a British-French-U.S. consortium, and the Kremlin hanger-on, Syria, nationalized the pipeline used to carry the Kirkuk oil to Mediterranean ports.

Iraq's move had been prepared shortly in advance of the Summit, in April, when Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin showed up to sign a mutual aid treaty and to launch the first direct flow of oil from a Mideast oil field to the Soviet Union through the new Soviet-built pipeline from Iraq's North Rumeila field.

To make quite clear that the timing was, as Marxists say, "no accident," the Soviet tanker *Borzhomi* sailed a few hours after the Kirkuk seizure from Hariga in eastern Libya for a Soviet Black Sea port, with the first Soviet load of oil from Libya's Sarir field, seized last December from British Petroleum Company and nationalized.

The further meaning of these Mideast events is suggested by the fact that the Soviet Union is producing from its own fields more than enough oil for its domestic needs, with a considerable export surplus. Thus the primary purpose of its Mideast oil policy cannot be to supply its own economy, but to gain control over sources of oil on which the economies of Western Europe and Japan, and in the longer run the U.S., depend.

On June 2, 24 hours after the Iraqi expropriation, the Soviet government hailed it as "a great victory for the Arab Peoples, who are now struggling against the forces of imperialism."

The Summit pattern, as the Kremlin understands it, emerges. The Summit agreements, together with such associated arrangements as the treaty with West Germany and the new four-power Berlin accord, reduce pressures on the western front. This permits an adequate troop deployment along the Chinese border without worry over two-front problems, and an activist policy elsewhere—the Mideast to begin with, the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, the Indian subcontinent, and (who knows?) Southeast Asia. With the postwar Soviet dominion accepted and confirmed and inviolable, the softened western front can be kneaded by gentler touches: European security conferences, mutual troop reductions, more disarmament talks, diplomatic recognition of East Germany and its UN admission, strengthening of Soviet industry through trade deals with the Western nations.

Summit Dialectics

Let us make a dialectical analysis in the Bolshevik mode. Most Americans understand the Summit meeting as an important step toward peace, and toward friendly, mutually beneficial political, economic and social relations between the Soviet Union and the U.S. This is what their President has told them, before and after his trip. All of their recognized leaders and spokesmen, including political opponents of the President, have agreed with his account. "The summits of 1972 . . . are part of a great national journey for peace. . . . Let us seize the moment so that our children and the world's children can live free of the fears and free of the hatreds that have been the lot of mankind through the centuries. And then the historians of some future age will write of the year 1972 . . . that this was the year when America helped to lead the world up out of the lowlands of constant war and on to the high plateau of lasting peace."

For the Soviet leaders, viewing it through the perspective of Bolshevism, this Summit has been a strategic maneuver in the continuing protracted conflict, a first phase of the broader strategy that will incorporate the coming security conferences, SALT II, force reduction talks, trade pacts, etc., as well as the blunter initiatives that will be taken on other fronts than the western, as already in the Mideast. For the U.S., that is to say, this Summit was a peace operation; for the Soviet Union, it was a conflict operation.

The quantitative balance of nuclear weapons is an important fact, but it is not the crucial fact. The crucial fact, the heart of the matter, is what it has been for 55 years: the nature of the Communist regime and of the men—Soviet men—who run it. It was not tanks and aircraft that destroyed the Czech "Spring" four years ago; tanks and aircraft on their own are as helpless as nuclear warheads. It was Leonid Brezhnev and his associates. The same Brezhnev, come to think of it, with whom Richard Nixon has just signed the missile limitation accords, and clinked glasses to celebrate the dawn of the age of peace. (How Brezhnev must have chuckled to himself at Point 11 of the Brezhnev-Nixon Declaration of Principles: "The U.S.A. and the USSR . . . recognize the sovereign equality of all states.")

One, Two, Many Summits

The most hopeful aspect of the Summit is the high probability that there is less there than meets the eye. This is not the first multi-point Declaration: there were fourteen-pointers and eight-pointers and Mao's five-pointer endorsed a few months ago by Richard Nixon, and many another long dim in memory before this Moscow dozen. Nor is this the first Summit of the postwar generation, though many of the comments would lead you to think so, and you can safely bet that your neighbor can't remember when and where the others took place. Before and after each, pretty much the same sort of thing was said as this time: about the Geneva Summit in 1955, the Spirit of Camp David Summit in 1959, the 1960 Summit that Khrushchev walked out of, the 1967 Glassboro Summit and that super-Summit meeting of John F. Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev in Vienna, in 1961, the year before, as you may recall, the Cuba missile crisis. □

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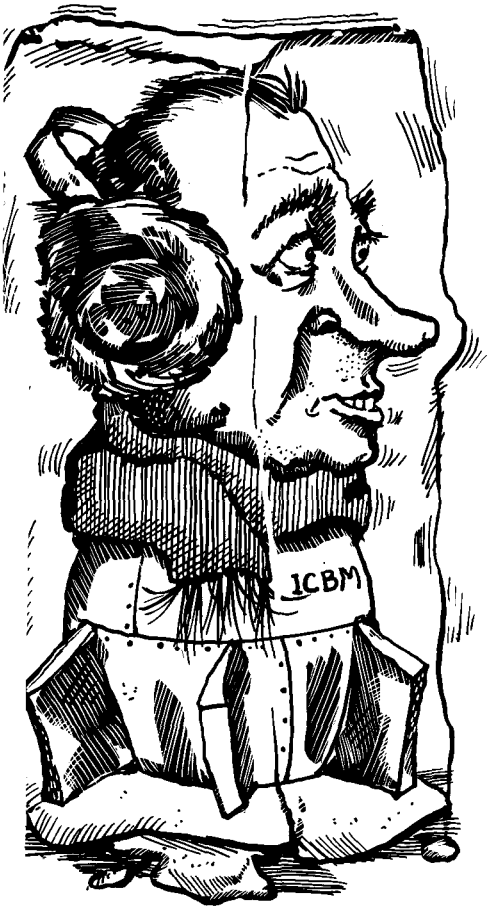

When the SALT Hit the Fan

Donald G. Brennan

On Friday, May 26, 1972, Richard Nixon and Leonid Brezhnev signed what will doubtless prove to be the most important arms-control agreements negotiated in the nuclear era —or, it may be, in any area. But their indubitable importance does not, unfortunately, automatically make them a cause for rejoicing; the San Francisco earthquake, for instance, was important too. It remains to be seen whether the agreements of May 26 will prove to be more or less of a disaster than the earthquake. There is some possibility, not as large as we should wish, that the agreements will not be a disaster at all; and a remote chance, which neither the American public nor the Administration bureaucracy deserves, that they will prove a resounding success.

Whatever their chance of success, they are profoundly unwise. And the unwisdom is not confined to the United States alone; it is certainly shared by some of our allies, and may well be shared, though in reduced degree, by the Soviet Union. This is a particular disappointment to those of us who have been hoping and working for a strategic arms-control agreement that would make a genuine contribution to American security.

The agreements are two: 1) A proposed treaty limiting the deployment of defenses against ballistic missiles, called the Treaty on ABMs, and 2) a proposed "Interim Agreement" limiting certain kinds of strategic offensive forces, namely ICBMs and SLBMs (Intercontinental and Submarine-Launched Ballistic Missiles, respectively). The problems of these two are very different.

The Interim Agreement guarantees not merely Soviet parity with, but Soviet strategic superiority over the United States, to a potentially substantial degree. The unwisdom of this agreement lies in the dramatic announcement it makes that the United States has not only become, but apparently is willing to remain, the second nuclear power. This foolishness is, of course, in no way shared by the Soviets; indeed, as one prominent Ameri-

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can strategist put it, the Soviets must be pinching themselves to make sure they are not dreaming.

The ABM Treaty is more symmetric in its immediate effects; in contrast to the Interim Agreement, it does not allow the Soviets four times as much as we are allowed. Apart from a limited (but potentially significant) defense of national capitals, and a limited (and strategically insignificant) defense of missile fields, we and the Soviets have agreed not to defend ourselves—not only against each other, but, interestingly, against anyone else either. On the American side, this agreement stems purely from a sophomoric ideology and fashion, and is pure foolishness; on the Soviet side, the politburo may have accepted the same ideology, in which case they share equally in the foolishness. It is as if we and the Soviets had become seized with a theory that motor vehicles were bad for us, and, proceeding from that theory, both agreed to destroy all the motor vehicles of all kinds we produced in the future. In other words, that we and the Soviets might agree on some completely symmetric arrangement would not of itself prove that the arrangement was in our interest. In my view, the ABM Treaty provides an equally good illustration.

In my initial analysis of the Interim Agreement and the ABM Treaty, I shall concentrate on their shortcomings. I shall return later to the circumstances and forces that led to these agreements.

The Interim Agreement

The basic provisions of the Interim Agreement are as follows. First, we and the Soviets undertake not to start construction of additional fixed land-based ICBM launchers after July 1, 1972. Second, we both agree not to convert land-based launchers for "light" ICBMs into launchers for "heavy" ICBMs. Third, we agree to limit SLBM launchers and the submarines that carry them to the numbers operational and under construction as of the date of signature (May 26), except that additional launchers (and appropriate numbers of submarines) may be constructed as replacements for an equal number of obsolete ICBM launchers or for launchers on older submarines. In a protocol appended to the Interim Agreement, this is spelled out: The U.S. may have no more than 710 SLBM launchers, and no more than 44 submarines; of those, launchers above 656 and submarines above 41 (the current numbers) must be replacements for equal numbers of obsolete ICBM launchers (in our case, the Titan II). The Soviet Union may have no more than 950 SLBM launchers and no more than 62 "modern" submarines; of those, launchers over 740 (the presumptive current number) must similarly be replacements for older ICBM launchers and SLBM launchers. Fourth, subject to the foregoing restrictions, modernization and replacement of strategic offensive ballistic missiles and launchers is permitted. Fifth, compliance with the agreement shall be monitored with "national technical means of verification," meaning such things as reconnaissance satellites, and it is also agreed not to interfere with each other's means of observation or to use deliberate concealment measures that could impede that verification.

The intended immediate purpose of this Agreement is to freeze strategic offensive forces where they now stand, understanding that whatever is under construction at the prescribed date is to be included as if finished. Such an objective is not fundamentally irrational; I have myself urged consideration of a different freeze in other times and circumstances. The difficulties stem largely from the fact that the United States strategic forces have not changed very much in basic capacity for the past eight years, while the Soviet payload capacity—the amount of weight their missile force could deliver on targets, sometimes called the "throw weight"—has increased enormously since 1966, and it now stands around four times the payload capacity of the American force. A secondary problem resides in the extraordinarily generous terms given the Soviets for converting some obsolete missiles into additional modern SLBMs and submarines.

Supporters of the Agreement will point out, and correctly, that, while the Soviet Union has more launchers than the United States, we have—we believe—many more warheads deployed *on* those launchers. The estimate is based on the belief that the American technology for MIRV (Multiple Individually-targeted Re-entry Vehicles) is much further advanced than the Soviet technology, and that we have deployed MIRV warheads on a substantial fraction of our strategic force while the Soviets have scarcely started (if they have begun at all). However, if the Soviets wish to achieve large numbers of warheads by deploying lighter MIRV warheads within their existing payload capacity, the technology for doing so is within their reach; we, on the other hand, are precluded from achieving the payload capacity of the Soviets by the Interim Agreement.

THE THROW WEIGHT of a strategic force is unquestionably the most important single parameter for characterizing the potential of that force, even though other parameters—notably the number, yield and accuracy of warheads that can be delivered—are of more immediate importance. Some examples of how payload capacity can be used may be instructive. For example, the maximum capacity of a Poseidon launcher is perhaps in the area of three thousand pounds or less. A Poseidon missile, it is said, can accommodate from ten to fourteen MIRV warheads, which must therefore weigh no more than three hundred pounds each. These warheads would be relatively "small" weapons of perhaps fifty kilotons each, but one missile could attack ten separate targets. Some models of the Soviet SS-9 missile have a single large warhead, and some people might think that, at least for many purposes, a single Poseidon missile is therefore worth ten SS-9s. In fact, however, that single SS-9 warhead is often estimated to be perhaps 25 megatons, which would suggest that the missile payload capability is around twelve thousand pounds, or at least four

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Donald G. Brennan *conducts research studies in military policy and arms control at the Hudson Institute, of which he was president from 1962 to 1964. He has served as a consultant to the Departments of Defense and State, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and the White House; has lectured before the National, Air and Naval War Colleges and at several universities; and has contributed articles on arms control to several books and journals. He is the editor of* Arms Control, Disarmament and National Security *(New York, 1961).*

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times the payload capacity of a Poseidon missile. Therefore, if a Poseidon booster could launch ten MIRV warheads, an SS-9 could launch forty of the same kind.

The SS-9 probably has from five to ten times the payload capacity of our various Minuteman missiles, and therefore the Soviet force of approximately three hundred SS-9s by itself probably has two to three times the payload capability of our entire Minuteman force of one thousand. However, the Soviets have perhaps another 1,300 ICBMs in addition to their SS-9s, most of which are also larger than our Minutemen.

Considering both SLBM and ICBM payloads, it is probable that the Interim Agreement will allow the Soviets a throw weight roughly four times ours, with present booster technology. (Either side is at liberty to improve its booster technology; in fact, the Soviets have recently given evidence of a new model of SS-9 with perhaps twice the payload capability of earlier models.)

Some Administration analysts argue that the Soviets do not now have MIRV technology and could not deploy significant numbers of MIRV warheads within the five-year lifetime of the Interim Agreement. In evaluating this position, three points should be borne in mind. First, if no better agreement is negotiated before this one expires, there will be intense pressures to renew it. Second, the estimates that the Soviets could not get substantial MIRV capability come from the same community of intelligence analysts who led former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara to announce in the mid-1960s that the Soviets had accepted permanent strategic inferiority, and who were confident in advance of the first Chinese nuclear explosion in October 1964 that that bomb would be a plutonium device. It proved to be a uranium bomb; and it is an easy point that an operating diffusion plant for separating U-235 is very much harder to conceal than a MIRV test.

Most important, we developed MIRV from scratch in about six years, and the system development for the advanced specific systems probably did not take more than three or four years.

Since our own MIRV programs have been noisily advertised to the Soviets since early 1968 (and public mention of the idea can be found as far back as 1963), it would be surprising indeed if the Soviets did not by now have some very advanced ideas on how to do MIRV. Some analysts do, in fact, believe that the Soviets could achieve substantial MIRV capability within the lifetime of the Interim Agreement. Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said in his statement before the Senate Armed Services Committee on February 15: ". . . our intelligence specialists believe that by the mid or late 1970s the Soviets could have MIRVed SLBMs in their operational forces."

Published comparisons of Soviet and American missile forces showing a substantial American lead in warheads, as for instance in a chart on the front page of the *New York Times*, May 27, showing 5,700 warheads for the U.S. and 2,500 for the Soviet Union, should be understood as having, in all probability, a highly limited lifetime of validity. Even today, the Soviet warheads are much larger and more destructive than ours.

(The estimates that are given for the Soviet ICBM force, incidentally, such as the number 1,618, are all derived from American intelligence; the Soviets have refused to say how many missiles they have. Thus, our estimates of the Soviet strategic forces are presumably lower bounds. The limitation in the Interim Agreement is stated as a prohibition on new silo starts, not as an absolute ceiling on numbers. If we later discover a whole field of ICBMs, which I am told has happened in the past, there may be some controversy over just when it was started. There is also room for controversy over what constitutes "light" or "heavy" ICBMs.)

If the Soviets have paid any significant attention to MIRV technology in the past, as is very likely, it would be well within their capability to deploy ten thousand or more MIRV warheads on their allowed booster force within the lifetime of this Agreement. They could do this with sufficient yield in warheads, combined with sufficiently upgraded guidance in their missiles, so that they could wipe out virtually all of our Minuteman force with less than half of their missile force.

This is not to say that launching such an attack would be attractive to the Soviets under ordinary circumstances; the United States has important offensive forces other than Minuteman, and these other forces retain considerable deterrent persuasiveness. Even the Minuteman force by itself would still provide some deterrence; a calculation that it could be substantially eliminated would be only a calculation and not likely to be appealing to political leaders except under desperate circumstances. But the lopsided nature of the situation will likely have important adverse consequences, as discussed below.

"That [Soviet] edge includes 40 per cent more intercontinental ballistic missiles (1,408 to 1,000) and missile-launching submarines (62 to 44), one-third more submarine-launched ballistic missiles (950 to 710) and a three-fold Soviet advantage in magatonnage of total missile payload. Much of this appears in writing in the five-year agreement freezing strategic offensive missiles."

—N.Y. Times' *summary of SALT agreement, lead editorial, June 5, 1972.*

The Administration's justification for not only accepting this embarrassing posture but engraving it in a formal agreement, is that Congress will not in any event provide money for the forces needed to equalize the Soviet strategic force. Indeed, the Administration believes, and sincerely, that if it were not for this Agreement the Soviets would increase their margin of superiority to some even larger extent. For example, the current rate of construction of Soviet ballistic-missile submarines is nine or ten per year; if that rate were continued, in five years the Soviets could have not 62, but perhaps ninety modern missile-launching submarines. Therefore, instead of having the 50 per cent superiority in submarines the Agreement will potentially give them, they could have a 2 to 1 margin (assuming that Congress would not provide the several billion dollars necessary for us to keep pace, an assumption that has not been seriously tested, and may well be false).

Some Administration analysts argue that the degree of strategic superiority given the Soviets by the Interim Agreement, while admittedly large, is nevertheless less than suggested above. The chief arguments they advance are: a) the Agreement does not include bombers, in which we have

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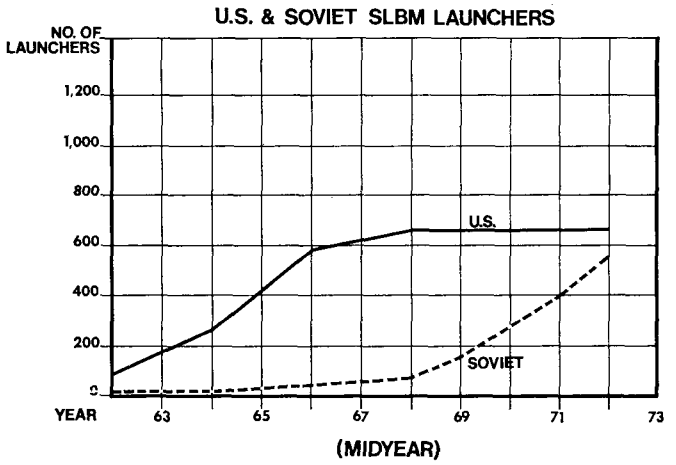
substantial superiority; b) the Agreement omits what are called "Forward Based Systems," i.e., our nuclear delivery systems based in Europe; and c) the apparent Soviet superiority in submarines (62 Soviet *v.* 44 American) is not real, since the Soviets do not or cannot operate their submarines as efficiently as we can with our bases (at Rota and Holy Loch) closer to the Soviet Union. These arguments are more cosmetic than tenable. As for a), it is possible to believe in the superiority of American bomber forces only so long as Soviet medium bombers are not counted; they have some seven hundred of these, which could attack targets in the United States and continue on to airfields in Cuba and Mexico.

As for b), the Soviets have some seven hundred intermediate- or medium-range ballistic missiles that can attack European targets, to which our Forward Based Systems are mainly in response. These Soviet missiles are in no way affected by the Agreement; they can build as many more as they please. As for c), there is nothing to prevent the Soviets from adopting more efficient means of using their submarines. They could, for instance, resupply the submarines and change their crews from ocean-going tenders, so that a larger fraction of the submarines would be on station. Of course, the Soviets *may* not do this, but it would certainly not be difficult to do so and there is nothing in the proposed Agreement to prevent them.



The real Administration argument for the Interim Agreement is that it will limit the extent to which the Soviets will achieve strategic-force lead more reliably than any other approach in sight. But that Soviet advantage, by any reasonable assessment, is already real, and may well become greater as the Soviets deploy MIRVs and otherwise upgrade their permitted force in the coming years. The political consequences of this superiority, or more precisely of the general public recognition of it, are several, and all bad.

First, it will reinforce and confirm previously established Soviet images and expectations of a declining American role in world affairs. Within the past two years, Soviet commentators on the American scene have exhibited increasing contempt for the United States, its power and its role in international affairs. For instance, Soviet analysts often make such remarks as: "The United States must be adjusting itself, in the manner of the United Kingdom at the end of World War II, to its loss of power and influence in the world." The Soviets correspondingly think of themselves as very much in the ascendant. These Soviet attitudes and expectations will be reflected in their peacetime bargaining and will increase their aggressiveness in possible crisis confrontations.

Second, the Agreement and the Soviet lead it establishes will do much to establish an image of American inferiority in American government circles. The effects of this, of course, will be the obverse of those to be expected from the attitudes in the Soviet bureaucracy, though probably less marked in degree.

Third, the new imbalance of power will become firmly established in the minds of our allies, which will ultimately lead them to be more responsive, perhaps unduly responsive, to Soviet diplomatic pressures and initiatives. To use the current jargon, the Interim Agreement will contribute to "Finlandizing" tendencies in the policies of our allies.

Fourth, enshrining this degree of Soviet superiority as a substantially permanent thing will almost certainly have adverse consequences in any serious crises that may develop. For instance, we could not reasonably expect as favorable an outcome in a replay of the Cuban missile crisis. (The success of that outcome did not reside so much in the immediate outcome in Cuba as that the Soviets were deterred from counter-escalating in Turkey, or, especially, in Berlin, a fact that apostles of parity find convenient to ignore.)

It is in a certain sense true that different degrees of superiority can in the last analysis be translated only into different degrees of "victory" that would in any event be altogether Pyrrhic. However, this often-repeated observation conveniently ignores the fact that most political leaders and many military leaders are not academic strategists: These leaders not only count weapons, they tend to think in terms of who will come out "ahead," and their (perhaps simplistic) attitudes about these matters will influence their expectations, demands and flexibility in a crisis (other things —such as the guts and the political support of the leaders on the scene—being equal). Therefore, a commitment to a position of strategic disadvantage is, at least in some statistical sense, an invitation to be pushed around in the next crisis.

The ABM Treaty

The key terms of the Treaty on ABMs are as follows: First, "Each party undertakes not to deploy ABM systems for a defense of the territory of its country and not to provide a base for such a defense, and not to deploy ABM systems for defense of an individual region except as provided for in Article III of this treaty." The basic philosophy is clear: Apart from the exceptions indicated, we may not defend our homeland against missile attack.

Second, Article III provides for a limited defense by one hundred interceptors of Moscow and Washington, and another defense system, similarly limited to one hundred interceptors, of ICBM silos in some area remote from the national capital.

Third, both we and the Soviets undertake not to develop, test or deploy ABM systems or components which are sea-based, air-based, space-based or mobile land-based.

Fourth, it is prohibited to transfer ABM systems or their components to other states or to deploy them outside Soviet and American national territory.

Fifth, compliance with the provisions of the Treaty shall be monitored by "national technical means of verification,"

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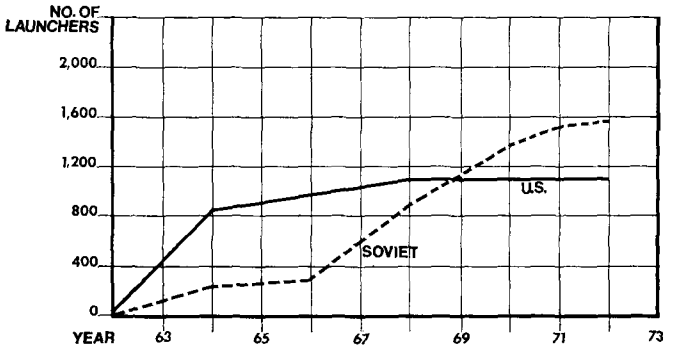
as in the Interim Agreement, and (also similarly) there are obligations not to interfere with such means or to attempt deliberate concealment.

American strategic nuclear policy has been dominated in recent years by the concept of "assured destruction," according to which the chief task of the U.S. strategic forces is to be able to mount a nuclear attack that will be sure to destroy a substantial fraction of Soviet society, even after a major Soviet strike on American forces. (Recent statements by the Nixon Administration have emphasized a doctrine called "strategic sufficiency," but it is clear that something like the concept of "assured destruction" still dominates American strategic policy.)

This domination extends to strategic arms-control matters. It is argued that the most stable, secure, cheap and generally desirable arrangement is one in which we and the Soviets maintain a "mutual assured destruction" posture, in which no serious effort is made by either side to limit the civilian damage that could be inflicted by the other. Most of the opposition in the West to substantial systems of missile de-

U.S. & SOVIET OPERATIONAL ICBM LAUNCHERS



fense for cities, including the opposition embodied in this proposed ABM Treaty, derives from the alleged benefits of such a posture. And much of the opposition to the Safeguard ABM system, which was not intended to provide a substantial defense of cities, stemmed from a concern that it might expand to provide such a defense.

The concept of mutual assured destruction provides one of the few instances in which the obvious acronym for something yields at once the appropriate description; for it, that is, a Mutual Assured Destruction posture as a goal is, almost literally, mad. MAD. If technology and international politics provided absolutely no alternative, one might reluctantly accept a MAD posture. But to think of it as desirable—for instance, as a clearly preferred goal of our arms-control negotiations, as the proposed ABM treaty automatically assumes—is bizarre. Let us consider the simplest and most effective means of realizing it.

At present, we and the Soviets achieve a MAD posture by means of long-range missiles and bombers armed with thermonuclear weapons. There are, however, many problems associated with these forces. Missiles and bombers may be attacked before they are launched; they may fail to perform properly; they may fail to penetrate enemy defenses. Concern about such vulnerabilities helps fuel the arms race. These forces are also expensive; the U.S. alone spends about $8 billion a year on them.

Now, if it were genuinely desirable to have a MAD posture, we could achieve it effectively, reliably and cheaply. We could have an arms-control agreement to mine each other's cities: We could install very large thermonuclear weapons with secure firing arrangements in, say, Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, etc. while the Soviets could install similar weapons and arrangements in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, etc. It is technically feasible to make such a system quite secure; with the vulnerabilities mentioned above eliminated, arms-race pressures would be reduced. While such a system would have its own technical problems, analysis indicates they would be far simpler to solve than those of the current system; it could save billions. Yet almost everyone will dismiss it as being merely absurd. If a mined-city system is the best way of realizing a MAD posture, it follows that posture as a goal is itself fundamentally absurd.

There are three fundamental problems here: The first is that, in spite of our best efforts, a major nuclear war could happen. An institutionalized MAD posture is a way of insuring, now and forever, that the outcome of such a war would be nearly unlimited disaster for everybody. While technology and politics may conspire to leave us temporarily in such a posture, we should not welcome it—we should rather look for ways out of it.

The second fundamental difficulty is essentially political: We do not have a Department of Defense for the purpose of deliberately making us all hostages to enemy weapons. The government is supposed, according to the Constitution, to "provide for the common defense," and plainly most Americans would revolt at the idea of a mined-city system as a sensible way to do this. The Defense Department should be more concerned with assuring live Americans than dead Russians.

The third fundamental difficulty is moral: We should not deliberately create a system in which millions of innocent civilians would be exterminated should the system fail. The system is not *that* reliable. Again, if we accept a MAD posture as an interim solution, we should be looking for ways out of it, not ways to enshrine it.

WHY, THEN, do some advocate a MAD posture? The advocates are, in the main, technically oriented people accustomed to theoretical models, and the arguments involve appeals to "stability" of various kinds and reference to other sophisticated jargon—jargon that I understand very well, having helped to articulate it a decade or more ago. For instance, one argument sometimes heard—it is, e.g., reflected in the preamble to the proposed ABM Treaty—is that this posture will best protect against nuclear war altogether, but this proposition is very dubious indeed.

While these MADvocates are undoubtedly sincere, and many of them intelligent, I believe they have been bemused by theoretical models of strategic interactions, models which seem sophisticated and intellectually appealing but which are in fact much oversimplified descriptions of reality. Some few technical people have been so bemused by the models that they seriously advocate deployment of a mined-city system.

If an institutionalized MAD posture is not desirable as a permanent way of life, and it is not, what alternative is available? The answer is to put increasing emphasis on defense, with a corresponding reduction in the effort devoted to strategic offensive forces.

There is much controversy about just how effective any

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defense (such as ABM) can be made against existing or further enlarged offensive forces. I cannot discuss this controversy here. However, there is very little controversy over the fact that defense can be made quite effective if the opposing offense is suitably reduced, while allowed defense is built up. This is precisely the direction that the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks should have taken, but did not.

Even if it were agreed that currently achievable defense is too ineffective to be useful against even a suitably reduced offensive threat (a position that few informed persons would take), it makes little sense to preclude the possibility of a more effective defense being found in the future. The proposed treaty does exactly that.

It might be possible to achieve similar effects simply by sharply reducing offensive forces, without any defense, if it were not for two factors: a) there are other countries in the world besides the United States and the Soviet Union, and b) perfect inspection of sharply reduced offensive forces probably cannot be achieved, and defense can provide protection against clandestine weapons.

THE MAD philosophy originally took hold in the American arms-control community about 1960. This might have been ultimately unimportant but for the fact that Robert S. McNamara became a determined believer in the concept, and imposed the "Assured Destruction" philosophy on the civilian staffs in the Pentagon with the full force of his personality. This was in a sense a *tour de force*, because at the time, the Soviets conspicuously did not share this philosophy (although he often asserted that they did). The evidence is overwhelming that, at least up until the late 1960s, the Soviets did not consider a MAD posture desirable. For instance, Premier Kosygin, asked about a moratorium on missile defenses at a press conference in London on February 9, 1967, replied, in part: "I believe that defensive systems, which prevent attack, are not the cause of the arms race, but constitute a factor preventing the death of people. Some argue like this: What is cheaper, to have offensive weapons which can destroy towns and whole states or to have defensive weapons which can prevent this destruction? At present the theory is current somewhere that the system which is cheaper should be developed. Such so-called theoreticians argue as to the costs of killing a man—$500,000 or $100,000. Maybe an antimissile system is more expensive than an offensive system, but it is designed not to kill people but to preserve human lives. I understand that I do not reply to the question I was asked, but you can draw yourselves the appropriate conclusions." This is not the comment of a man who was friendly to a moratorium on missile defense.

Many other Soviet pronouncements, public and private, official and unofficial, left no doubt that the Soviets favored heavy emphasis on active defense, at least up through 1968 and early 1969. But beginning in 1969 or 1970, the Soviet government leaders either began to change their views, or else decided to make us *think* they had changed their views. Thus the overt indications in the SALT negotiations for the past two years have suggested whole-hearted Soviet acceptance, at least at the top of the hierarchy, of the MAD philosophy.

If the Soviets have indeed come to this position, they have had a good deal of American help in getting there. Almost every American who argued with almost any Russian about arms-control matters in the 1960s tried to make the point that missile defenses were wicked. This stemmed, of course, from the commitment in certain American quarters to the MAD philosophy. Up until 1968, the universal Soviet reaction to this argument was a polite raspberry. But some U.S. spokesmen could not be easily ignored. In particular, McNamara himself did his best to convert the Soviets to his philosophy, both in public statements and in private meetings (notably at the Glassboro Conference in June 1967, when he forcefully presented the case for MAD directly to Kosygin, who did not go for the idea, at least at that time). Another forceful input to the Soviets came from President Lyndon B. Johnson, who, according to his memoirs, sent Premier Kosygin a secret letter in January 1967 warning him that the incipient deployment of Soviet missile defenses had put him under pressure to "increase greatly our capabilities to penetrate any defensive systems which you might establish." Johnson continued: "If we should feel compelled to make such major increases in our strategic weapons capabilities, I have no doubt that you would in turn feel under compulsion to do likewise." It seems likely that this letter was stimulated by Secretary McNamara.

Perhaps the most persuasive pressure on the Soviets was not an argument per se, but the American decision of late 1967 and early 1968 to proceed with a major MIRV program for the American strategic offensive force, leading to the deployment of Minuteman III and Poseidon. This program was intended to add something like five thousand additional warheads to the American offensive force. The almost theological, not to say fanatic, faith McNamara had in the MAD philosophy is reflected in the fact that, while he viewed the beginnings of a Soviet system for defense of the homeland as highly provocative, he apparently saw nothing provocative in spending many billion dollars to add several thousand additional warheads to the American force, especially at a time and under circumstances that would have made it impossible for the Soviets to know what accuracy these weapons might achieve.

FOR WHATEVER combinations of reasons, the Soviets have now either accepted the MAD philosophy or are pretending to. It should be noted that, up to the time of writing, one cannot detect many hints of this philosophy in the papers of Soviet colonels writing for each other in *Red Star*; however, this may indicate merely that the message has not yet come down from the top. (Some well-placed Soviet officials have in fact indicated to Americans, very privately, that the ABM Treaty will mean a major doctrinal overhaul in the Soviet military establishment, and may well require a considerable shuffling of senior personnel. It will be interesting to see if this in fact comes to pass.)

Some kinds of ABM systems could be compatible with a MAD posture. The Sentinel ABM system initiated by McNamara in September 1967, and the Safeguard System that the Nixon Administration has been constructing, were both designed to be compatible with a MAD posture. These systems would have provided a "light" or "thin" defense; a large and sophisticated attack, such as the Soviets would be capable of mounting, would easily have overwhelmed the thin over-all defense of our cities. (At McNamara's instruc-

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tion, the Sentinel System design also had some specific weaknesses introduced to make the system more easily penetrable by the Soviets.) Such a light area defense was intended, in the case of the Sentinel System, to provide protection of the entire country against possible Chinese attacks.

The Nixon Administration retained the anti-Chinese light-area-defense objective of the Sentinel System and added additional objectives for the Safeguard System, chiefly the provision of added protection of our ICBM and bomber forces. The threefold objectives of the Safeguard program have been stated many times by the present Administration; for instance, as given in the most recent "Posture Statement" issued by Defense Secretary Melvin Laird in February 1972: "Protection of our land-based retaliatory forces against a direct attack by the Soviet Union; defense of the American people against the kind of nuclear attack which the People's Republic of China is likely to be able to mount within the decade; and protection against the possibility of accidental attacks from any source." These objectives made sense, even within the framework of a MAD posture, and the program was accordingly supported, especially in its early phases in 1969 and 1970, by many who were willing to accept such a posture.

IT IS INSTRUCTIVE that nothing in either Moscow agreement provides a substitute means for satisfying these objectives of Safeguard. The Interim Agreement does not provide sufficient protection of our land-based retaliatory forces against a direct attack by the Soviets (I shall give evidence for this shortly), and of course nothing in either agreement does anything about the possibility of nuclear attack from China or accidental attacks from any source. Therefore, the Administration's previously declared objectives for Safeguard combined with the current proposed agreements constitute a strategic non-sequitur.

The worst aspect of this non-sequitur relates to the protection of our retaliatory forces. The declared Administration objective in linking the negotiation of an ABM agreement to an agreement limiting strategic offensive forces was that it was necessary to limit the threat to Minuteman in order to accept constraints that would limit our ability to protect Minuteman. However, we are far from having achieved that link-up. To quote again from Secretary Laird's most recent Posture Statement: "With significant qualitative improvements in Soviet ICBMs even without increases in the number of Soviet ICBMs [i.e., exactly the situation permitted by the Interim Agreement], the postulated threat to Minuteman in the last half of the 1970s could grow to a level beyond the capabilities of the four-site Safeguard defense of Minuteman. Therefore, we propose [initiating an additional ABM defense program for protecting Minuteman beyond the four-site Safeguard System]." Thus, even the full four-site Safeguard System, which would have entailed many more than one hundred interceptors,

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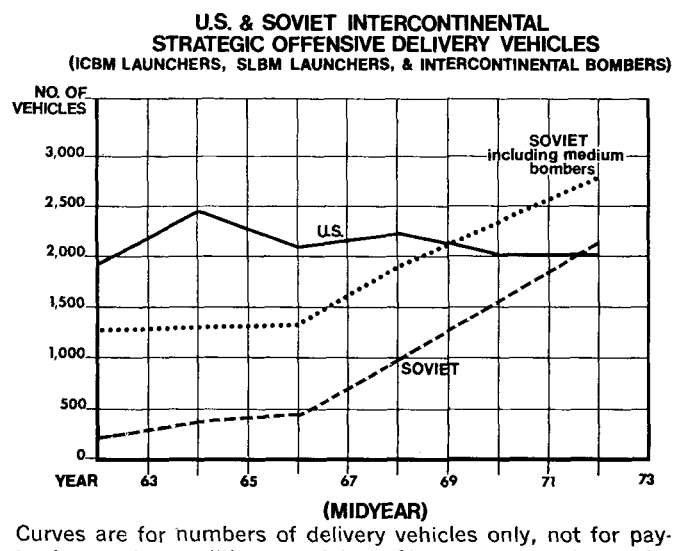

Curves are for numbers of delivery vehicles only, not for payload capacity or "throw weight." Similar curves drawn for throw weight would show the Soviets crossing the American capacity earlier in time, and having a much greater advantage at present.

was judged by Mr. Laird inadequate to protect Minuteman against the threat now permitted the Soviets under the Interim Agreement. We have negotiated away all but a small part of that Safeguard System, to say nothing of the opportunity to add additional active defense.

The gains Mr. Nixon brought back from Moscow are not to be thought of in terms of the often-expressed objectives of the Safeguard program. There are two possible intellectual justifications for accepting this treaty, in the light of the objectives the government has previously expressed. The first is that, while these agreements are inadequate, supplementary agreements to be sought in following negotiations will redress imbalances. However, the Soviets will have very little motivation to degrade the situation they now find themselves in; therefore I do not believe that argument should be given any significant weight. The other justification would say that, while the agreements may in some sense constitute an immediate strategic loss, the various political and economic gains that may develop as a consequence of these agreements will more than compensate for the strategic costs. An argument along this line is in fact indicated in President Nixon's last foreign policy statement. While this argument cannot be dismissed, there is no doubt that such a calculation of gains and losses requires considerable optimism about the consequences of having these agreements and considerable pessimism about the future if the agreements were not in force.

There is probably another sense in which the ABM Treaty is a strategic non-sequitur. It is intended by its American proponents to institutionalize a permanent MAD posture, but it is actually doubtful that, as matters now stand, the United States has an assured destruction capability (measured by standard criteria) against the Soviets, in view of their Civil Defense program. The Soviet government has declared that their CD program could limit Soviet fatalities in an all-out war with the United States to perhaps 6 per cent of their population, which would be substantially less than the fatalities they suffered in World War II. American students of the Soviet CD program agree that this estimate is reasonable. In contrast, current Soviet forces could probably destroy 60 per cent of the American population, with

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high confidence, given our lack of CD preparations. Thus, it appears that the actual current assured destruction capabilities are not exactly mutual.

What Brought Us Here?

The question of what brought us to the point of accepting these agreements can be answered at several different levels, and in terms of several different individuals and groups within the government.

President Nixon genuinely wants peace; he genuinely would like to save money; and he genuinely would like to be re-elected. He obviously knows that these agreements, especially if they are accepted without too much of a battle, will be of substantial domestic political value. I believe it is fair to say that this fact resulted in significant pressure on the American negotiators. However, it would be quite wide of the mark to dismiss the agreements as a cheap electoral trick or to believe that they do not have a substantial base of support in the Washington Establishment.

Many people on the President's own staff place considerable emphasis, in justifying the agreements and especially the Interim Agreement, on the argument that Congress would not provide the wherewithal to close the widening gap in strategic forces. While this argument is probably sincere, it may in fact be less important than a perception that is less frequently articulated, but which is likely held by the President and by some of his key people: that money for military purposes would be very scarce *even if Congress itself were not an obstacle*. Trying to find several billion dollars a year in extra money for the Defense Department would entail very unpleasant alternatives, such as raising taxes, attempting some kind of tax reform, or taking large amounts of money from other programs dear to the Administration. Such alternatives would, of course, seem especially unpleasant in an election year. Congress may make an easy scapegoat, but Congress cannot be reckoned the chief villain of the piece when the President has never once gone to the country to explain that our military posture was in jeopardy and that more money was needed for strategic forces. If the President had chosen to lead on this matter, many of us believe the country might well have followed; but the experiment was never tried.

One of the more interesting case studies, in relation to these agreements, can be found in the Department of Defense. A decade ago, it would have been absolutely inconceivable that, for instance, the Joint Chiefs of Staff would have approved either of these agreements, much less both of them. Their approval would have been almost as unthinkable five years ago. Within the past three years however, and especially within the past two, a very noticeable loss of morale has been detectable within the Department. In the face of the buffeting from Congress, from the President's own Bureau of the Budget and from the general public, the military staffs have been looking to SALT to help "save" their situation. Even today, however, it is implausible that the Joint Chiefs could regard these agreements with enthusiasm; more likely, they faced a set of unpleasant alternatives, and judged these agreements to be the least unpleasant.

Some comments in the press have tended to suggest that Henry Kissinger was the chief architect of these agreements. It would probably be much more accurate to think of him as presiding over the national security apparatus as a sort of chairman, and attempting to impose some degree of order and competence on that apparatus, than as a personal mastermind of these agreements. Kissinger's main (and very considerable) strength is in international politics; perhaps because of the technical components involved, he has never been as strong on strategic nuclear issues. Kissinger's personal contribution to events can probably be found much more in the President's determined resistance to cutting American troop levels in Europe, and in the missions to Peking and Moscow, than in these two strategic arms agreements.

Where Next?

These are not the arms-control agreements one would wish to have in an ideal world. I have supported, without serious reservation, every arms-control agreement or treaty that has emerged since World War II. I doubt that one should recommend acceptance of these agreements.

It would be easy to advise rejection, if one had the opportunity to start over again to produce better agreements. But the choice is not there. In view of all the circumstances, both domestic and international, should one accept an American declaration of strategic inferiority, and accept the conspicuous idiocy of a permanent commitment to the MAD posture, and simply hope that the agreements will ultimately contribute to the evolution of a secure peace with freedom? Or should one insist that the President do what is right, Congress do what is right, and the public do what is right, including spending much more money if the Soviets are recalcitrant about establishing more sensible agreements (and, incidentally, almost surely lose the battle)? I do not know, and I can believe that honest and intelligent men, who understand the issues thoroughly, and who are as disappointed as I am with the agreements, could easily differ on the answers.

At the very least, the debate associated with these agreements, in Congress and out of it, should force attention to a number of important questions. Some of these concern technical details, but ones which may be of sufficient importance to influence the acceptability of the agreements. It may well be that some judicious reservations could be attached to these agreements that would lessen their unfortunate effects.

The United States has suffered something like wounds from a number of sources in recent years—Vietnam, student activism, declining credibility of both the government and the media and, not least, a declining role in world affairs, occasioned largely by declining morale at home. Many of us will feel that Mr. Nixon has now rubbed SALT in our wounds. But we should not forget that there are, in fact, good reasons to slow down the strategic arms race; and if the agreements are accepted, we must, of necessity, share Mr. Nixon's hope that their positive effects will, over the long term, outweigh their immediate strategic costs.

The costs are real. □

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The Italian Elections

Letter from Rome

E. v. KUEHNELT LEDDIHN

THE ITALIAN voters have spoken —and the agony of their parliamentary system will undoubtedly be prolonged.

What happened on May seventh and eighth? The Communists and Christian Democrats lost slightly in the Senate; the Socialists maintained their strength, but the Social Democrats, who are further to the right, gave way as did the Liberals (the Liberals are a somewhat conservative party, to the right of the Christian Democrats). Of all the parties in the former government, only the Republican did well. The Republicans are a tiny, rather curious party with a tradition of republicanism, nationalism and anticlericalism.

And what happened on the right? The expected big rightist triumph did not materialize. The votes of the combined Monarchist-MSI (*Movimento Sociale Italiano*) ticket increased only a small percentage over the last parliamentary elections. However, thanks to the Italian voting system, the number of rightist deputies doubled in the Senate (from 13 to 26) and nearly doubled in the Chamber (from 28 to 47). In other words, though not as powerful as it hoped to be, the MSI can now cause considerable trouble. It will not be asked to form a coalition government, but it certainly can no longer be ignored.

The next elections are far off, but if the new government (or, rather, the predictable endless series of governments) fails, there could be another premature election—and that one might be the final blow to democracy, at the hands of an electorate exasperated by strikes, demonstrations, street fights and economic failures.

Two years ago, according to a nationwide study, 67 per cent of the women and 63 per cent of the men in Italy were in favor of giving *all power* to a man of character and experience who might reform Italy socially and politically. To a superficial observer this somewhat alarming reaction of the average Italian seems to have been contradicted by the latest elections. However, this is not the case. An affirmative answer was undoubtedly given by almost all MSI-voters, most of the Communist voters, many Christian Democrats, a few Socialists and Republicans —each having his own vision of the Man on the White Horse.

But what has to be understood is that there simply is no outstanding figure on the Italian political scene, no one who can inspire even part of the masses, because "politics" in Italy is in disrepute and does not attract outstanding men or women. The end of Italian democracy is unlikely to come from a specific political party but, rather, from a non-parliamentary body, from the army, for instance, or from the police. But there are no popular heroes at the moment in either.

To most Italians it is only too evident that the country is caught in an impasse of strikes, dangerously weak governments, and a general disorientation, all aggravated by the inner crisis of the only moral force on the peninsula: the Catholic Church. The elections were an effort to find a new combination, to get rid of the center-left coalition, which included all parties from the Socialists to the Republicans, but left out the Communists on the left and the Liberals and the MSI on the right.

The Christian Democrats hoped the Liberals would at least keep their former number of seats, which would have made them strong partners in a center government. But that vague hope did not materialize. Theoretically it would be possible to assemble all parties from the Social Democrats on the left to the Liberals on the right. Such a center government would need only 166 of the 322 seats in the Senate and 334 of the 630 seats in the Chamber. A center-left combination would give the coalition 374 seats in the Chamber and 192 in the Senate. If there were a rigid center coalition, tiny parties could easily blackmail the other partners. Don't forget what a narrow majority implies in European parliaments. The West Germans are more aware of this today than any other nation. Still, the urge for something new could prove so strong that the experiment of a center government might be risked, although the last one foundered not so long ago when the Social Democrats refused to collaborate with the Liberals.

Why did the Christian Democrats not gain as many seats as it was widely predicted they would? Perhaps because their party is anything but homogeneous. It takes in all elements—men who are as far left as the Socialists, as well as genuine conservatives. All these factions have their own leaders and hardly anywhere is there a party so polycentric as the Italian Christian Democrats. The Christian Democrats are more or less Catholic—but not all Catholics vote Christian Democratic. In fact, just before the elections *l'Osservatore*, the semi-official Vatican paper, endorsed the party and antagonized many Church members. (In Latin countries, many people are Catholic and anticlerical at the same time.)

WHY DID the MSI get fewer votes than it had expected? It, like the other parties, has no outstanding leader. Giorgio Almirante is not a bad man, but he is no spellbinder. Since the *"Missini"* are considered to be the spiritual heirs of the fascists, Almirante is frequently compared with Mussolini —who was a clever man (at least before he became fascinated by Hitler) and a demagogue of the first order. On the other hand the *Missini*, who have joined forces with the Monarchists, have a definite task and goal: the transformation of Italy into a presidential republic (or perhaps even a monarchy). They resemble right-wing Gaullists. (Incidentally, there are a number of new right-wing publications of a fairly high intellectual level now being published in Italy.)

Surely Italy needs a radical constitutional reform. In the meantime a number of city and village governments will fall to the MSI and perhaps even some regional governments. But the political and constitutional problems of Italy remain unsolved, and we have to expect an uncertain and troubled future for that peninsula in the very heart of the Mediterranean. □

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OPEN ADMISSIONS IN N.Y.

Another Great Hoax

GEOFFREY WAGNER

THE TEXTBOOK before me, as I confronted my first class of Open Admissions students, was a thick one. It had been assigned me for a course in English composition; selflessly assembled for use by our chairman, it was a series of essays on "Cult Heroes of Our Time," called *Representative Men*.

I soon learned that "Our Time" is not their time, though the book bore a 1970 copyright. There were essays on or by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Marshall McLuhan, J. D. Salinger, Allen Ginsberg, Arthur Miller, Andy Warhol, Murray Gell-Mann, Jonas Salk and John Paul Getty—men of whom none of the students had ever heard. An Introduction confidently assured us that "Salinger is the one American writer whose works most students know intimately," but none of mine knew of him at all. On the other hand, they did know something of other "representative men" (some of them women) represented, notably Malcolm X, Eldridge Cleaver, Martin Luther King, Sidney Poitier, Elizabeth Taylor, Timothy Leary and Jacqueline Onassis.

An "Instructor's Manual" suggested as its first general question: "Draw up a list of ten heroes in American history." Making due allowance for the cult in such cult heroes I decided to go one better. I asked the class—strangers all—to draw up two lists, one of American heroes, and one of heroes for all time, worldwide. They didn't have to sign their lists. We could take heroism from there, and write about it.

Collation of the lists submitted revealed the following ranking for American heroes: 1) Eldridge Cleaver, 2) Malcolm X, 3) Martin Luther King. Lincoln scored once, I think, but I don't recall seeing Washington's name at all. High scorers included Huey Newton (news of the Newton-Cleaver feud hadn't filtered down by then), Bobby Seale and a host of names frankly obscure to me that turned out to be among the latest to have killed a cop, or, better yet, a judge, e.g., William Arthur Christmas who, allegedly supplied the weaponry once owned by that "bookish" philo professor Angela Davis, removed a judge from a California courtroom and shot him to death. I really don't know why the New York City fathers have not yet renamed Christmas Day after this new cult hero of our time. After all, City College's penultimate President Buell Gallagher, who used to do a passable imitation of W. C. Fields taking the Pledge at Commencement, ordained a Malcolm X Day for the college before he resigned, while a scholarship fund has been set up in memory of a young instructress who spearheaded seizure of CCNY's south campus, and whose chief attachment to it seemed to be to want to tear it down (a new scholarship is currently under way to commemorate a similarly minded ultra-revolutionary of those days, an economics professor who changed his Jewish name to Conrad and finally shot himself in a field in Vermont).

OPEN ADMISSIONS to the already huge City University of New York (CUNY) began in September 1970, after racial rioting had closed City College itself for about the third spring in succession and President Buell Gallagher had turned in what transpired to be his final resignation (his craven concessions to almost every student demand helped him not a jot, he was excoriated with every obscenity in the book to the bitter end). The program guaranteed every high-school graduate a tuition-free place in one of the city colleges. Much credit for it was taken by then-Chancellor Albert Bowker, like Gallagher another recurrent resigner who somehow seemed still to be in power each time the smoke cleared—to deafening applause from the *New York Times*. But this Pied Piper too handed in his tags and wisely departed for the West, whence he is heard booming away every now and then about the beauties of Open Admissions, the while his faculties try to pick up the mess.

And what a mess it is. Initiated in an atmosphere of academic hysteria, and without those geographical safeguards that made California's somewhat similar system faintly feasible (only the top eighth of high-school classes being allowed to attend a UC campus), the New York City scheme failed grotesquely to look round any corners. It is indeed questionable that it is serving the city's minority youth at all. Colleagues report remedial classes full of Panamanians, Haitians, Trinidadians, people with but the faintest connection with America when they aren't outright illegal aliens, for news of the bonanza is getting south.

Despite the fact, then, that a lenient eye largely overlooked even the high-school diploma requirement and that the system then bent over backward by giving all freshmen a one-year grace period, flunking none, ten thousand freshmen—double the average—dropped out after the first year (ten years after California's master plan got under way only 46 per cent of its freshmen class is continuing in college). At CUNY, too, grading became so politically friendly as to be risible: One faculty member is quoted in *LC Reporter* (a CUNY faculty organ) as follows:

> To keep faith with our promise to these kids—that we'd give them a fair chance to make it in college instead of cynically proving to them that they can't—we're watering down our standards. Out of guilt for not teaching them properly (23 in a remedial English course!), we're keeping them in college artificially.

But the liberals won't allow themselves to believe this. Like free tuition, Open Admissions has become a local shibboleth, and anyone who says that it is in reality the biggest educational hoax ever perpetrated on the children of this city will be witch-hunted out with the zeal of the Inquisition under the banner of another talismanic term, *backlash* (backlash = any idea that disagrees with yours. Last term a kind colleague circularized my department with the evident indictment that I actually wrote for NATIONAL REVIEW . . . WOW!).

It is tough to tangle with these

Geoffrey Wagner has two books forthcoming in the fall: Another America, *a reaction to student violence, and* Five for Freedom, *studies of various fictional heroines as anticipatory of Fem Lib.*

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Humpty Dumpties who can make anything mean what they want it to mean, and act as statistical hoodlums into the bargain. When BHE (Board of Higher Education) officials first revealed all these dismaying data, the liberals bayed back that it was too early to decide. If the statistics persist in proving you wrong, why then you retreat to something like that ineffable comment of Professor Marilyn Gittel, head of CUNY's WAC (Women's Advisory Committee), that "the depth of the problem won't be understood by statistics." So the fault is ever ours. Recognizing that many of these students "do not want to be in college" and have "seeming apathy toward learning," Mrs. Mina Shaughnessy, the all-too-charming head of CCNY's remedial English program, chants Circe-like in reply that they are therefore "unmotivated" and the error is society's ("the problem of the unmotivated student lies outside college—in a labor market that uses the BA indiscriminately to screen applicants").

In fact, English remediation, though chaotic, is locally a minor problem—you can be an English major in most of CUNY and yet take no courses dealing with literature prior to 1915. And I have heard colleagues seriously suggesting that Puerto Ricans should get extra credit for having to learn the *lingua franca* of English in the first place! But when it comes to math, chaos is come again. One supposes that even the most ardent radical wants some sort of screening process for the surgeon who might one day cut him up. According to Professor Ralph Kopperman, who heads the remedial math program at CCNY (I cite again *pro*-Open Admissions sources), 40 per cent of the remedial students fail to receive passing grades for any course they are in. That's close to half. Kopperman states: "Many students who come in under Open Admissions have never had any high-school math. They were given something called Business Math and that's only arithmetic." Yet Kopperman calmly observes: "So while we can't be considered an overwhelming success, nor are we a failure." Compare the same half-full/half-empty sophism in the observation of present CUNY Chancellor Robert J. Kibbee that "I have to look at the class being 71 per cent full after the first year rather than 29 per cent empty." Why didn't students in high school get any more than cash-register or bank-teller arithmetic? A typical New York City high school has a *daily* student absentee rate of 30 per cent. All our fault, of course, for non-motivation. I must say I'm not sure I blame these kids for choosing the candy store rather than the classroom as simply a warm place to be; the gross square feet per CUNY student has now been assessed at 74, whereas that of the State University of New York (SUNY) is 212 square feet. You do much better in Nedick's.

To return to my heroes, my surprise came in the second list. This was again won handily by Cleaver, with runners-up including Hitler, Mussolini, Lenin, Julius Caesar, Stalin, and good old Stokely Carmichael. It was a surprise since neither our text nor our media—nor even Yale President Kingman Brewster—had proposed the names of these dictators to the earnestly bowed heads before me. I became more surprised as I began to conduct conferences

with Waynett and Greg and Julio, as with Opal and Marvina and Roseanne. Hitler had worked for his beliefs, I learned. He had been successful—for his *people*. Mussolini likewise.

Well, not quite, I objected gently. Both had brought their countries, masses of people, to destruction. One had killed himself in a sort of cellar, the other been strung up by his heels in a side-street—er, also by the people.

So what? came the answer. They all ganged up against him.

Other *people*, I suggested, trying to touch that liberal lapel badge again.

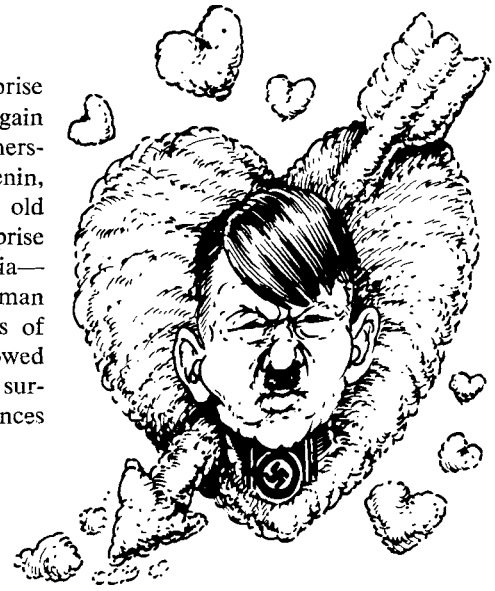
Garbage! Hitler overran Europe and all but conquered Russia.

I thought you liked Russia? I was stung to reply.

What have you got against Hitler? came the belligerent response to that.

He exterminated a rather large number of Jews.

So what?



It was hard to know what to say. A black group with the jaw-cracking acronym COBATAME was yelling, from a full-page ad in the *New York Times* that day, for an end to "the racist policies of the state of Israel," as well as to the state itself. Two of our three student newspapers were urging the same, while a Queens College student paper had just been suspended for antisemitism. So our fugitive from justice becomes prime hero, or heroine. Angela Davis had made the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted" list, had she not, to say nothing of the cover of *Newsweek*?

I scratched my head and scratched my memory. For those of us who, in our youths, spent uniformed years fighting nazism it was somewhat odd to be enlisted by the New York City school system as a sort of amanuensis to subversion. The teaching of writing is largely the transmission of a message on paper; the mentor should presumably remain sweetly reasonable as regards content, impartial and apart.

(Continues on page 706)

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Blue-collar Blues

SUDDENLY the blue-collar worker, the hardhat, the "white ethnic," hopped out of the pocket of COPE and the Democratic Party and began to raise hell. He voted for Wallace and dug Agnew; he beat up on flag-desecrators (real and imagined); he stopped believing what he read in the papers. All this hastened the growth of anti-proletarian feeling on the intellectual Left. Elitist revolutionaries were snuggled up to, nonproductive counterculture types were romanticized while the workingman was mocked in the *Village Voice* and *New York Review of Books*, and savaged in confections like the movie *Joe*.

Over on the Right, the blue-collar had been pretty much ignored for years, except for occasional bungled missions to rescue him from the tyranny of the Labor Bosses. After all, he voted Democratic, and he just didn't fit the role of the sturdy yeoman. Now he was discovered. High-minded conservatives of both persuasions, libertarian and sentimentalist, were full of admiration for his instinctive patriotism, his mistrust of the reigning liberal abstractions and his neo-Puritan work ethic. Out there in the Broad Center, the Nixon machine undertook to bring the workingman into a new political coalition.

Now the truth begins to emerge, and it turns out that everyone was pretty much wrong about the workingman (as everyone has been since Karl Marx). Liberals, conservatives and presidential advisers discovered that in several primaries a substantial portion of the blue-collar vote was wavering between Wallace and—George McGovern: The ruling impulse was anti-Establishment, not simply antiliberal. (Much the same phenomenon was noticeable, and widely unnoticed, in 1968. In industrial Lake County, Indiana, for instance, many white ethnics who voted for Robert Kennedy in the primary voted for Wallace in November.) Workers showed "populist" tendencies on economic issues, to the distress of conservatives; while patriotic as ever, they gave indications of succumbing to the zeitgeist on Vietnam and the related larger issue of resistance to Communism.

At this point about all anyone can say for certain is that the blue-collar worker is "alienated" and "frustrated," i.e., mad as all hell. About what, it is difficult to say; at whom, easy: his union, his employer, "the media" and his rulers in Washington. The old-style democratic socialists over at *Dissent* devote their entire latest issue to the blue-collar and his discontents; the compilation must discourage them, believing as they still do that organized labor can/must be the vehicle of widespread social change. For those with other axes to grind, it is fascinating.

Most contributors agree that both the material condition and the social status of the worker have improved since, say, the Thirties. But his affluence is marginal: to join fully in the good life, he must moonlight or his wife must take a job. His expectations are rising—not at a revolutionary rate, but rapidly enough to keep him uneasy and discontented.

AS THE WORKER has, most places, assumed a direct role in community life, joining the PTA, raising money for the United Fund, coaching Little League, the secondary functions of his union—social definition, education, recreation—have waned. An old union official is quoted: "This local used to be an educational arena in which men developed. . . . We created union-mindedness and diffused it. . . . People carried away a concept of dynamic unionism. . . . No more."

The new union man speaks:

> "The job's not bad, but this company stinks. You don't get anything from them without a fight."
>
> "What about the union?"
>
> "You got to keep on their ass too."

Several articles make it clear that the workingman's conservatism is that of the property-owner. Joseph Epstein's sympathetic sketch of Cicero, Illinois, with its white ethnics (in the new pejorative, PIGS—Poles, Italians, Greeks, Slavs) living in trim, perfectly kept houses, and its saving bank on almost every corner, explains much:

> If you drive your car to Cicero neither by the Eisenhower nor the Stevenson Expressways but instead through the center of Chicago up Roosevelt Avenue, you get a clear picture of what it is that haunts the hearts, beclouds the future, and scares the hell out of the people of Cicero. It is . . . the ghetto, physically decaying and humanly demeaning, at its cruelest.

The blue-collar sees the ever-spreading ghetto as a threat to his property (not his property value, his *property*). He can work side by side with black men in perfect harmony (Epstein and several other contributors make this clear), but "brotherhood stops at the gate." This fear for one's property is dismissed by simple minds as racism; in fact, it is not so simple. The blue-collar's property is threatened not only by the ghetto, but by the ethnic slurs—veiled from older liberals, naked from young radicals—that he sees as attempts to throw him back to the propertyless, statusless condition of his forebears. It is threatened, too, by what the worker sees as the madness of the world around him—the drugs, the rampant sexuality, the decline of Old Values. The Romans were correct: Property is an extension of the personality. I suspect the average blue-collar worker is alienated much more by the threat to his property than by the direct threat to personality of the dehumanizing assembly-line, the remote employer and remote union. These, after all, are the prices he has chosen to pay in order to own property; take the property away and there is nothing to show for them.

What about the blue-collars who will vote in 1976, 1980 and beyond? Most of the *Dissent* writers agree that today's young blue-collars are harder to please, more given to absenteeism, sloppy work and socking foremen, and more "militant" than their fathers and older brothers. They are "alienated" by threats other than the threat to property, but soon most of them will be property-owners and then the threats will suddenly become concentrated and magnified. It's going to be awfully hard to keep them in anybody's pocket. □

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BOOKS

Primal Visions

GUY DAVENPORT

The Optimist's Daughter
By Eudora Welty
Random House, 180 pp., $5.95

Open Heart
By Frederick Buechner
Atheneum, 276 pp., $5.95

The optimist of Eudora Welty's *The Optimist's Daughter* is a Mississippi judge named McKelva, and his optimism is hearty enough, foolish enough, generous enough, to lead him to marry in his old age a young wife, a woman from Texas whom he had met at a Bar Association convention. Wanda Fay Chisom is her name. Had she come to the attention of Faulkner, her name would be Snopes, and if Flannery O'Connor had created her, she would be named Shiflet. She is, in the pecking order of the South, white trash.

Miss Welty has been fascinated before by these rapacious, weak-witted, pathologically selfish daughters of the dispossessed, and likes to bring them into sharp contrast (as in *The Ponder Heart*) with the decrepit chivalry and good manners of the Mississippi gentry. The result, however complex and sensitive Miss Welty's handling of the misalliance, is always a wail of grief that an older generation is being replaced by barbarians.

Miss Welty's art modulates finely between satire and tragedy. She relishes the absurd and the incongruous, and has the canny gift of being able to translate them into tragic understanding. The power behind this rare ability is a firm moral sense of human conduct. Miss Welty's values might seem at first inspection to be Christian and Humanist, but they are yet broader in a curious sense. They are *archaic*. They are as old as civilization itself.

The brilliant, meticulously rendered surfaces of Miss Welty's fiction are always transparencies through which we can see the ancient stories told and retold thousands of times. In Laurel, the Judge's daughter, we can see the figure of Psyche (her husband-to-be was named Phil, that is, *philos*, Love) and thus the one-dimensional Wanda Fay becomes a concentrate of Psyche's nasty, hateful sister. There is nothing mechanical (or simple-minded) in these symbolic gestures of Miss Welty. Myths must be retold to stay fresh. Miss Welty has told the myth of Cupid and Psyche many times, blending it mysteriously with kindred myths of loss and redemption, evoking its details with charm and wit. (Cupid, for instance, appears in the story "June Recital" as a half-naked sailor running with his shirt—his wings—flying from his shoulders.)

Miss Welty keeps returning to one central myth, that of Persephone, whose regenerate virginity formed the old Greek understanding of the death and growth of perennial nature. Persephone alive is the natural order, or cosmos; Persephone in Hades, or dead, is raw matter (rock, dirt, spiritless disorder). Thus Laurel (matter shaped by light as a tree) is the living Persephone in this brilliant little novel, and Wanda Fay (*wand*, a dead stick; *fay*, a spirit from underground) is the dead Persephone. How do we say this otherwise? That the spirit is dying in our time? That we live in a spiritual hell rather than a natural order?

Miss Welty is a deep (and unexplored) writer. Her masterpiece is the long novel *Losing Battles* (an Orpheus and Eurydice so intricately retold that it seems upside down: Eurydice reclaims Orpheus!) which befuddled the critics, some of whom made the awful mistake of thinking Miss Welty a regional writer, a local colorist. If she is, so was Ovid.

In *The Optimist's Daughter* Miss Welty returns to her early (and well-known) story, "Petrified Man." Here she wrote her severest vision of conduct without morals or values, which have been replaced by greed in all its forms (vanity, pride, selfishness, the full devastation of the sins). The moral condemnation in that powerful story grows from a concern for life as archaic as the myths which it alludes to.

The Optimist's Daughter must therefore be read with imagination and open eyes. Note how carefully it flows against a frieze of flowers, as if all the action were a ritual of spring. The people are all rootless (the Texas Chisoms live in cars instead of houses) or withering. The vision is chilling and tragic, and yet it implies a cyclical pattern, and redemption is always a miracle.

WE HAVE another Christian parable in the Rev. Frederick Buechner's *Open Heart*, a sequel to his *Lion Country*, which came out a year or so ago and

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in which the energy and verve of a cheapjack evangelist and a tribe of Indians were made to symbolize the religious resources of our time. Buechner is a writer of great daring and invention. He uses the novel because it is a handy form, and he does with it what he wants to.

Lion Country was a kind of comic opera in which a medieval parable was imbedded, and its meaning suggested that Christ works his will in strange and outrageous ways, choosing, as ever, unlikely and humble vessels, especially vessels which we in our pride look down our noses at. In *Open Heart* (the name of the evangelist's diploma-mill and Bible College) we see various tacky sins and grotesque deaths all falling together to shape the foreordained (the Rev. Buechner is Presbyterian) drift toward the triumph of good over evil.

Mr. Buechner has an engaging comic sense, a firm theological clarity of mind, and a mastery of prose whereby he can get practically any effect in the novelist's bag of tricks.

There is no plot here in the usual sense, only progression. The characters —the school-teacher protagonist, his adulterous wife, his two nephews, both allegories (Esau and Jacob), his father-in-law the Bible-packing evangelist, stray Indians, a Theosophist—wander about and do plausible things, interacting each with all the others.

GOOD TO READ, vastly entertaining, never for a second dull, Mr. Buechner writes a new kind of novel that may have bobbed up before in the eighteenth century when novels were social adjuncts and not Works of Art. The imitation is not of life but of the manners of everyday. Mr. Buechner throws into this novel a lovely afternoon of shopping, a husband and wife merely having fun spending money on gimcrackery, and he comments that the great moments in life are just such spiritual exercises. To live, by God, is to live. Keep it up, Mr. Buechner seems to say, and you will get around to the angels in time. The heart is open or it is closed.

Mr. Buechner is a warm, and I suspect a wise, novelist, and his love of people is contagious. He is something of an evangelist himself, one who can say in a new way that the powers and dominions of the earth are alien things, and that only the old familiarities, flesh and spirit, are real. □

The Soviet Sea Challenge
By Rear Adm. E. McN. Eller, USN (Ret.)
Regnery, 315 pp., $8.95

FADING GEM OF THE OCEAN

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

The best place to comprehend the challenge of Soviet sea power is at sea. Through much of the 1950s and 1960s I studied the ominous statistics testifying to the USSR's growing naval might, but it wasn't until 1968, while cruising with the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, that the tremendous, expanding power of the Soviet navy was impressed on my mind. I was aboard the *Forrestal* in a task group south of Crete. When morning came, I went up on the flight deck of the carrier built a short time after the end of World War II. My first glance took in our accompanying destroyers, overage vessels built to fight the Germans and Japanese. Then I saw the Soviet ship that had joined us during the night and that was shadowing us as the carrier prepared for morning air operations—a superb, modern Kynda class cruiser, bristling with armament. The contrast between our near antiques and the gleaming new Soviet warship—one of many in the Mediterranean at the time —provided a grim shock of recognition of our vanishing naval superiority.

Admiral Eller, longtime Director of Naval History, details the story of America's naval decline in *The Soviet Sea Challenge*. For the generation of Americans that grew up with the names of famous U.S. naval victories on their lips—Midway, Surigao Strait and the Battle of the Philippine Sea, it is almost unbelievable that the American people have lost sight of the importance of sea power to the survival of freedom. Yet the importance of naval supremacy *has* vanished from the public mind. No sooner had sea power made possible a swift victory in World War II than America's bluewater strategy was abandoned. The nation adopted a land strategy that has produced nothing but disaster in Asia. During the same period, the USSR commenced a mammoth buildup of surface and subsurface naval forces. Admiral Eller's book is an important contribution to public understanding of the need for revising our national strategy and reconstructing our naval power.

The Admiral makes clear that the Soviet decision to wrest the sea from the United States was made in the 1950s. While Americans were apathetic about naval and maritime power, the Soviets began systematic development of the foundations of sea power—the merchant marine, shipyards, fishing vessels, bases and oceanographic research. Today they are ahead of the United States in all these areas. The situation with respect to naval shipyards is illustrative of the over-all situation. "One Soviet submarine yard," Adm. Eller states, "contains several times the area and facilities of all U.S. submarine building yards combined." Such facilities are the keel of a great navy. The USSR is operating its construction facilities at near full capacity. The United States hasn't built a missile-firing submarine for several years, while the Soviets construct such undersea warships "at a furious pace."

THERE HAS BEEN much talk in the past two years of rebuilding America's naval strength, but that's all it's been —talk. The United States Navy has decommissioned one-third of its ships since 1968 and soon will have about the same number it had in 1936. No authorization has been made for an adequate number of replacements. President Nixon is said to favor a naval buildup, but he hasn't gone to the American people and given them the facts concerning America's deteriorated strength on the high seas. Delay in Congress in handling naval appropriations is equally tragic, for, as Admiral Eller notes, ships on the ways are taking from four to six years from contract to commissioning. Every lengthy

Guy Davenport *contributes regularly to* NR *and the* New York Times Book Review. . . . **Anthony Harrigan** *writes on military affairs.* . . . **Ernest van den Haag** *is a professor at New York University.* . . . **George Will** *is an assistant to Senator Gordon Allott of Colorado.* . . . **John Coyne** *is the author of* The Impudent Snobs: Agnew v. the Intellectual Establishment. . . . **Edmund Opitz** *is connected with the Foundation for Economic Education and the Nockian Society.*

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executive or legislative study of naval construction gives the Soviets time to build stronger naval forces. The United States needs to proceed at flank speed in rebuilding its fleet; instead, it is moving ahead at about one-third, while the antidefense bloc in Congress wants to order "all stop."

The Soviet threat is posed in qualitative as well as quantitative terms. This is as much the case with manpower as matériel. As Admiral Arleigh Burke says in his Introduction, "The greatest achievement of the Soviets in the last decade is the obvious increase in the effectiveness of their naval personnel. The Soviet navy people are now experienced."

Admiral Eller writes with clarity and distinction. He scrupulously avoids emotional treatment of our naval decline, but he gives this serious warning of what lies ahead: "A storm rushes toward us like a typhoon that destroys the unprepared, the uncertain and the weak—regardless of their ideals or their purposes." □

The Insect Societies
By Edward O. Wilson
Harvard, 548 pp., $20

OF MEN AND BEES

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Not being an entomologist at all—even if occasionally waspish—let alone one who has special knowledge of social insects, I am quite unqualified to review this book from a technical perspective. I am reviewing it nonetheless so as to recommend it to my readers who are probably equally unqualified.

The patience, ingenuity and carefulness of the men whose observations are so ably described and analyzed by Mr. Wilson, himself an eminent scholar in this field, cannot but be admired. What a pleasure to meet such men, especially these days when dentists (or veterinarians, or anthropologists) tell us that their craft uniquely and specifically qualifies them to take political positions: Vietnam is so bad for teeth (or animals, or culture). It is bad for insects too no doubt. It is a pleasure to find scientists concerned with research and not with attempting to make their science "relevant" by "committing" it to the issues of the day.

This fascinating book, replete with information about insect societies and their evolution, casts a diffuse, indirect, yet fitfully piercing light on human societies. Mr. Wilson sticks strictly to the subject and nowhere attempts to apply what he knows about insect societies to human ones. But subjects such as "optimization in social evolution" cannot but stir reflection. How could one not be stirred to reflection by his analyses of degrees of social behavior among ants, bees, wasps and termites, his observations on their stratification and communication systems, their methods of social control, their population dynamics and such phenomena as inquilinism (a form of parasitism), altruism and (if I may use an anthropomorphic description which Mr. Wilson would chastely avoid) political assassination:

> The queen . . . upon approaching the colony makes repeated hostile approaches to the host workers and intimidates them . . . if she succeeds in entering the nest, she kills the host queen and secures complete adoption by the rest of the colony. . . . The queen of *E. goesswaldi*, on the other hand, calms the host workers by stroking them with her antennae . . . once inside the nest she mounts the host queen from the rear, seizes her around the neck . . . and kills her.

The social insects have survived, it appears, by a process of natural selection operating at the level of societies rather than individuals. Their societies have survived, inasmuch as individuals and groups—workers, warriors etc.—were, by some biological mechanism, led to act as though primarily members of the whole not animated by individual concerns, including individual survival. Thus self-preservation became social preservation. When it did not, no society was left to study.

The legendary Roman consul Menenius Agrippa is said to have exhorted striking plebeians to accept their low status, their manual labor and their hard and "underprivileged" life, as well as the high status and the privileges of patricians, by describing Roman society as an organism in which the patricians were the (apparently passive) belly through which the active limbs, the plebeians, had to be nourished. Critics through the centuries have pointed to the self-serving nature of this fable, and have stressed that a social organization differs from an organism inasmuch as the (social) linkage among individuals organized in a society does not include neural connections. Quite true. The belly nourishes the limbs. But your eating does not nourish me.

Had Menenius been reading Mr. Wilson's book he might have compared human to insect societies and not to organisms. There are no neural connections among insects. But the individual social insects act as though there were. Acting as though they formed an organism, the individual social insects often sacrifice themselves for the society. In the end more survive than would have had some not sacrificed themselves.

In human societies cultivated psychological connections must take the place of the innate instinctive ones on which insect societies rest. They are weakened now by the near total sovereignty which we teach must be accorded to individuals, and by our unwillingness to face the need to teach respect for common values and for authorities cultivating, symbolizing, enforcing and preserving them. □

Merriman Smith's Book of Presidents: A White House Memoir
Compiled and edited by Timothy G. Smith
Norton, 250 pp., $7.95

CAMELOTITIS

GEORGE F. WILL

This book is not very interesting. But that fact is fascinating. It says something depressing about journalism and the public it serves. Merriman Smith was UPI White House correspondent for thirty years until his death in 1970. He was generally regarded as remarkably good at his job. This memoir, assembled after his death from his notes and five previous books, makes one wonder. Was Smith's job worth doing well? Are even the straight news reporters around the White House doing more harm than good?

This book does not touch upon any fundamental problem of government. Even his few speculative thoughts on

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the presidency are numbingly dull. ("The future of presidential travel will, I think, remain intertwined with domestic politics." "Presidents will continue to be increasingly concerned with their images as exposure to the magnifying powers of the media inspection grows.") His various vignettes are not especially exciting.

It is fun to learn that Kennedy dinners at the White House featured "an occasional roll being tossed across the room," and it is unsettling to learn that Kennedy once acted out his own assassination for a game of charades: "As one guest took a home movie, he slumped to the floor after being hit by an imaginary bullet, and another friend doused him with ketchup." But none of this is important, unless one assumes that tidbits about Presidents are inherently important.

JUDGING by this book, Smith had an odd view of important news. News is anything—absolutely anything—concerning Presidents. This is, of course, the Hedda Hopper-Louella Parsons school of journalism. Pennsylvania Avenue and Hollywood and Vine generate a similar kind of reportage. Smith suffered from a premature case of Camelotitis. He simply adored scampering along in the wake of celebrities. He was perfectly suited by temperament for covering the White House during the years when Presidents replaced entertainers as the principal popular obsession.

Indeed, Smith became a celebrity in his own right. As senior member of the White House press corps he had the honor of ending each presidential press conference with a crisp, "Thank you, Mr. President." He wrote a twice-a-week column "Backstairs at the White House." He made the television talk shows. As Robert Donovan admits in his Introduction: "Nobody ever understood as well as he how, with a proper knack for showmanship, a reporter might use the glare and glamor of the White House to project himself into the limelight."

Donovan praises Smith because he was "there, always there": "Hot on six president's heels night and day, month in and month out, in the White House, on the road and, indeed, in remote corners of the world, he had a remarkable view of unfolding history. Conceivably no other man has ever been a witness to as many momentous events as he." Oh? Journalists hot on the heels of Presidents see a lot of heels, and not much else. Sure, they "witness" events, gobs of them, some of them momentous. But Smith's book makes clear that such journalists have an astonishingly unremarkable view of "unfolding history."

Smith is damningly correct when he says that "like the British, we take pride in our own type of royalty." Given his special reverence for all things presidential, it is understandable that Smith's mind boggled at the thought of the moment when Mr. President became Mr. Citizen: "If it weren't for some of Truman's friends who gave

him a party and a little send-off, he would have just driven to Union Station and taken the train home to Missouri."

Imagine! A former President traveling like a normal citizen. That's un-American. Or is it? On the day the fourth President of the United States was inaugurated, the third President saddled his own horse and rode home alone to Monticello, never again to set foot in Washington. There were no silver trumpets when he came or departed. There were no reporters hot on his heels. He would not have tolerated the trumpets, and the citizens were not interested in the minutiae of politicians' lives.

Today's citizens have an apparently unslakable appetite for such stuff. This appetite is not healthy, and neither is the journalism which seeks to satisfy it. Journalism did not create the appetite, but it has a vested interest in keeping it alive. The nation's White House fixation is not a harmless pleasure. It distracts attention from other mischief, and it enhances the already excessive power of Presidents. □

MYSTERIES

The Terminal Man
By Michael Crichton
Knopf, 247 pp., $6.95

A Report from Group 17
By Robert C. O'Brien
Atheneum, 210 pp., $5.95

71 Hours
By Michael Mason
Coward, McCann, 223 pp., $5.95

Maigret Sets a Trap
By Georges Simenon
Harcourt, 182 pp., $5.50

SUSPENSE AND INSOMNIA

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Michael Crichton has it. His first book, *The Andromeda Strain*, was a splendid suspense novel. But some of us suspected that Crichton might be a one-shot novelist. He was under thirty, and his subject matter, biological science, seemed a bit too specialized to yield up many more plots.

We were wrong. *The Terminal Man* is nearly as good as *The Andromeda Strain*, and that makes it one of the season's best. Again, the subject matter, medical science and mind control, is specialized. But Crichton proves himself capable of making the most esoteric material completely comprehensible to the layman, no small gift in any writer. Even more important, he can create and sustain that sort of suspense that forces us to suspend disbelief.

CRICHTON'S PLOT is simple enough to diagram in three minutes on a cocktail napkin. A group of brain surgeons tries to cure something called psychomotor epilepsy by placing a small computerlike device in the neck of Harry Benson, a paranoid computer scientist who displays homicidal tendencies. The operation is successful, but Benson escapes from the hospital, determined to destroy the giant computer which controls the implanted device, and determined to kill anyone who gets in his way. The suspense centers in the attempt to find Benson before he kills.

Crichton writes clean, simple, intelligent prose with a self-confidence that is most common among first-rate British

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suspense novelists. Few American writers seem capable of it. Perhaps it's the scientific training. Whatever it is, *The Terminal Man* is very nearly the best suspense novel of the year.

VERY NEARLY. But not quite, for Robert O'Brien's *A Report from Group 17* is better. The setting is Villa Petrograd, a country estate owned by Russian diplomats, at which Helmuth Schutz, an ex-Nazi scientist, has developed a water treatment that affects human cell structure. He experiments on apes, but yearns for a human subject. Sure enough, along comes an adolescent girl, who tries to find out what is going on at the estate and is captured.

Like Crichton, O'Brien handles esoteric subjects such as DNA manipulation and gene mechanics easily, and the discussions of the inevitability of biological warfare are chilling. But the thing that concerns us most is the fate of the girl, one of the most believable adolescents in contemporary fiction. She is constantly drugged, she shares a cage with an ape, and there is an ex-Nazi lab assistant who gets his kicks from torturing—you guessed it, adolescent girls.

The suspense is intense, almost excruciating. The girl is always on the verge of being brutalized, and although common sense tells us that the novelist will rescue her before the end, we're never quite sure. Her rescuers race the clock, and we race it with them.

The race against the clock provides the suspense in most good thrillers, as it is intended to do in *71 Hours*, in which an FBI agent attempts to thwart a plot to assassinate the Russian premier, who is coming to New York to sign a controversial disarmament treaty. This time it doesn't work, mainly because the characters seem to come straight from some famous writers school instant characterization kit. We get this hero, Roy Swingle. He's 225 pounds, he went to the University of Alabama, and he talks with a deep Dixie drawl. Pretty predictable stuff, right? Wrong. Our characterization kit tells us to avoid stereotypes. So we reach in, take a handful of characteristics from different stereotypes, and paste them on Swingle. Result: a drawling Alabamian as big as an elephant who is sensitive, liberal and who gets along with blacks better than anyone else in the novel. It just doesn't come off. Swingle is as unbelievable as John Wayne would be starring in the life story of Lester Maddox.

I don't sleep easily, but I fell asleep after a hundred pages of *71 Hours*. If you're an insomniac, I recommend it highly. And if you can't get it, try a Simenon. No one ever worries about suspense in a Simenon novel. There isn't any, and this one is no exception. The plot is standard Jack the Ripper. A loon prowls Montmartre, slicing up the young ladies he meets. Maigret does some of his simple-minded psychologizing, sets up a simple-minded trap, and then proceeds to lull us to sleep by displaying for us the incredibly mundane little components of his simple little mind.

For one of the very few times in my life, I find myself in total agreement with Jacques Barzun and Wendell Taylor, who say of Maigret in their comprehensive *Catalogue of Crime*: "True, Maigret, like any other cop, wants to get his man, and he knows where to wait for him—he has had previous information. But what he contributes is the patience of a god. And what his readers enjoy is his boredom, fatigue, wet feet and hunger—all skilfully interwoven with his shrewd speculations as he looks across the road from behind the curtain in a tavern—ideal fiction for a born member of a Watch and Ward society."

If you want suspense, read O'Brien and Crichton. If you want a sure cure for insomnia, try Simenon. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Oliver J. Caldwell, ex-OSS, tells how the U.S. tried to overthrow Chiang Kai-shek—yes, Chiang Kai-shek—in *A Secret War: Americans in China 1944-1945* (Southern Illinois, $5.95). . . . First time in English: eight stories by Herman Hesse, *Strange News from Another Star* (Farrar, $5.95). . . . Martin Marty's *Protestantism* is a history (Holt, $8.95). From the same house: Russian poet Natalia Gorbanevskaya protested the Czech invasion, got clapped into a mental hospital, somehow smuggled out her account of it all, *Red Star at Noon* ($7.95). . . . One advance liberal review didn't like Washington newsman Seymour Freidin's handling of Teddy and Fulbright in *A Sense of the Senate*, so he must be doing something right (Dodd, Mead, $6.95).

Freud: Living and Dying is by Max Schur, his doctor (International Universities Press, $20). . . . *Hoax: The Inside Story of the Howard Hughes-Clifford Irving Affair* is by the London *Sunday Times* writing team of Stephen Fay, Lewis Chester and Magnus Linklater (Viking, $10). . . . Albert Elsen's *The Sculpture of Henri Matisse* offers almost three hundred illustrations (Abrams, $15). . . . Latest addition to the Populist Follies is Senator Mike Gravel's *Citizen Power* (Holt, $6.95).

■ JULY BOOKS: *The Running of Richard Nixon* makes Leonard Lurie grimace (Coward, $7.95). . . . *FDR* has the same effect on Finis Farr (Arlington House, $9.95). . . . *Journey for Myself* is the third volume of Colette's memoirs (Bobbs-Merrill, $6.95). . . . The *New Yorker*'s Janet Flanner reminisces in *Paris Was Yesterday, 1925-1939* (Viking, $8.95). . . . *Under the Guns*, a social history of New York on the eve of the American Revolution, is by Bruce Bliven Jr. (Harper, $10). From the same publishers, Al Capp's *The Earliest Li'l Abner* recaptures Dogpatch, 1934-38 ($7.95).

■ LOOKING TOWARD AUGUST: North Callahan's *George Washington* focuses on the war years (Morrow, $7.95). . . . Third in Forrest C. Pogue's multivolume life of George C. Marshall is *Organizer of Victory 1943-1945* (Viking, $10). . . . *Time*'s Stanley Karnow reviews the bloodletting in *Mao and China* (Viking, $12.95). . . . Koestler studies ESP in *The Roots of Coincidence* (Random House, $5.95). The same publisher offers Auden's newest collection in *Epistle to a Godson and Other Poems*. . . . Henry D. Spaulding claims to understand *The Nixon Nobody Knows* (Jonathan David, $7.95).

The Superfluous Anarchist, Albert Jay Nock
By Michael Wreszin
Brown University, 196 pp., $8.50

SPEAKING TO OUR CONDITION

EDMUND A. OPITZ

Nock is not for everyone and never claimed to be; he professed to write for the remnant, those men and women scattered throughout society at every economic and social level who seek the

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plain truth of things. Working on behalf of such an invisible company is a lonely business and pays scanty rewards as the world understands such things. At best, Nock wrote to a friend, "we can do a solid work that will count hereafter."

Nock was but following the well-trod path of those we designate the teachers of mankind, whose messages have never been heard gladly by more than a few. Mr. Wreszin backs into this truth now and again, but his philosophy makes it difficult for him to engage it frontally; he is a liberal of the Oswald Garrison Villard persuasion. His biography of Villard is an able and sympathetic account of the man and the liberal movements in which he played a leading role. Nock moved in some of Villard's circles, and for a brief period was associated with him on the *Nation*. But he never did fit the liberal paradigm—nor any other, for that matter. He plugged certain reforms, he was critical of business, skeptical of humanitarian politics, and functioned primarily as a man of letters.

ONE HAS the feeling that Wreszin's encounters with Nock while preparing the Villard book engendered that peculiar feeling of discomfort one has when something is not quite right. The liberal world of Villard's day was a tidy place, everything arranged decently and in order. Nock was an intruder, hardly a new species, perhaps not even a sport, but an anomaly surely. This book, then, appears to have originated as an exercise in taxonomy: How shall we classify men such as Nock? Or, it might be regarded as a cautionary tale using the example of Mr. Nock to explain what happens to people who depart the straight and narrow path of liberal orthodoxy. However much these defectors may aspire to be part of a prophetic minority, they invariably wind up as misanthropic elitists, without a party, without hope.

Mr. Wreszin's title gives us fair warning that he might have an axe to grind, but he is an able and conscientious scholar and almost in spite of himself, one feels, he has written an interesting and useful book. There is a charm about Nock's writing and the man himself which has somehow rubbed off on the biographer. Nock is not above criticism and the author lays it on, not always fairly. He does, however, pay his respects to Nock's many-sided talent, and honesty compels him to admit the prophetic accuracy of Nock's forebodings of twentieth-century calamities. Referring to one of the major thrusts in Nock's work, his criticism of political centralism and the organized welfare state, Wreszin comments, "Reflective Americans, seeing the awesome power of the state in the latter half of the twentieth century, may agree with Nock, whether they are conservative, liberal, reactionary or radical."

Mr. Wreszin knows that Nock was not an anarchist in the sense that Tucker was an anarchist, and he encloses the word in quotation marks a time or two. Perhaps Nock lays himself open to this charge by sometimes treating useful conceptual tools as if they were historical realities. Nock was kindled by the rhetoric which suggests that society originates in contract, whereas the state results from conquest. In sober truth society is *sui generis*; there was no primordial compact. And it is nations (including the nation each of us was born into and lives in right now), not an abstraction called the state, that stem from conquest.

When AJN died in 1945, only his *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man* was in print. During the intervening years a new edition of it has appeared; two volumes of letters, a collection of essays and a journal have been published; six books have been brought back into print; and the Nockian Society sponsored *Cogitations from AJN*. Robert Crunden's definitive book on AJN in 1964 preceded Mr. Wreszin's volume. It is obvious that Albert Jay Nock still speaks to our condition. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HINDENBURG, *by Michael M. Mooney (Dodd, Mead, 287 pp., $8.95).* Maybe all you remember about the *Hindenburg* is the voice of radio announcer Herb Morrison on those old records about the Thirties: ". . . Oh, oh, oh . . . it's burst into flames. It is burning . . . and falling . . . one of the worst . . ." as he watched in horror the great flying silver whale that had been the Zeppelin *Hindenburg* dissolve in sheets of flame. Michael Mooney's *Hindenburg* fills out that picture, tells all about that final flight, the people who perished in it and those who miraculously escaped, some of them to retell their story years later to Mooney. But Mooney also includes the history of the dirigible, that strange and to us anachronistic flying ship, and of the eccentrics and fanatics, the playboys, businessmen, engineers and technicians who believed the wave of the future in the air lay with the dirigible and who built passenger craft that were flying regular runs, Frankfurt-New York and Frankfurt-Buenos Aires, in the middle Thirties when the DC-3 was still on the drawing board. How and why was the *Hindenburg* destroyed? Mooney's thesis is that it was sabotage, a timebomb placed in Gas Cell IV by Eric Spehl, a crewmember who planned to destroy the *Hindenburg* because its dominance of the skies symbolized all he despised in Hitler's Reich. But the weather was bad, the docking in Lakehurst, New Jersey delayed, and the timing device defective. The bomb went off prematurely, as the ship nosed in for the landing. The theory is fascinating; it was not mentioned in the extensive inquiries into the disaster by both the German and the American governments. Mooney presents it as The Truth and pretty much asks you to accept it on his say so. Spehl himself died in the fire; the German mistress who is alleged to have planned the bombing with him lives, but Mooney never indicates he got the story directly from her. Or directly from anyone else. Which leaves the skeptical reader —me—stuck with his skepticism. Still Michael Mooney has written a splendid epitaph to the Day of the Zeppelin.

P. L. BUCKLEY

THE DAY THE MARKET CRASHED, *by Donald I. Rogers (Arlington, 316 pp., $8.95).* The former financial editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* has focused on the stock market panic of October 24, 1929, detailing how it might have been experienced by some representative, though fictional, speculators of the day: an engineer, a farmer, an entertainer and a partner in a go-go brokerage firm. All are sketched credibly against a background of real events and personalities (Herbert Hoover, Samuel Insull, Henry Ford, Richard Whitney et al.). Although an even more devastating market drop was to occur on October 29 (Black Tuesday) before a temporary bottom was reached on November 13, it was October 24 that the speculative pyramid built of borrowed money and misplaced confidence cracked, sending financial shock waves around the world. Twelve million brokerage accounts, thinly margined to start with, were liquidated that day in a frantic effort to salvage some equity as quotations plummeted. Even so, many customers finished the day sold out of their stocks and owing their brokers money. Mr. Rogers asks, "Can it happen again? Will it happen again?" We are left to draw our own conclusions.

K. O. MILLER

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Arts & Manners

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Please, Mr. Hoving...

Demonstrations are easy to ignore these days, but still it was quite a shock, a couple of weeks ago, to see a hundred or so picketers gravely parading in front of the august Metropolitan Museum of Art, carrying hand-written signs saying "SOS—Save Our Staff" and "Must *We* Pay for Hoving's Edifice Complex?" The protest was triggered by the sudden announcement that the museum faced a deficit of $1.2 million, and that as one of a series of draconian measures, 104 jobs would be dispensed with. The picketers passed out statements demanding that all layoffs be suspended "pending the examination of priorities, including the building plans."

IT WAS NOT so much the loss of jobs that bothered everybody, it was the question of priorities. The Metropolitan is still, beyond doubt, America's greatest museum, but it seems in recent years to have got its signals mixed: It has gone in for instant sociology and headline-making; it has dabbled in show biz to attract fashion columnists and up the door count; it has competed for gifts and bequests it hasn't really needed and cannot afford (and that would have been of immeasurable significance to other, less fortunate institutions). This megalomania threatens the Met's very existence as an institution whose primary purpose is, or should be, the collection, care and exhibition of works of art.

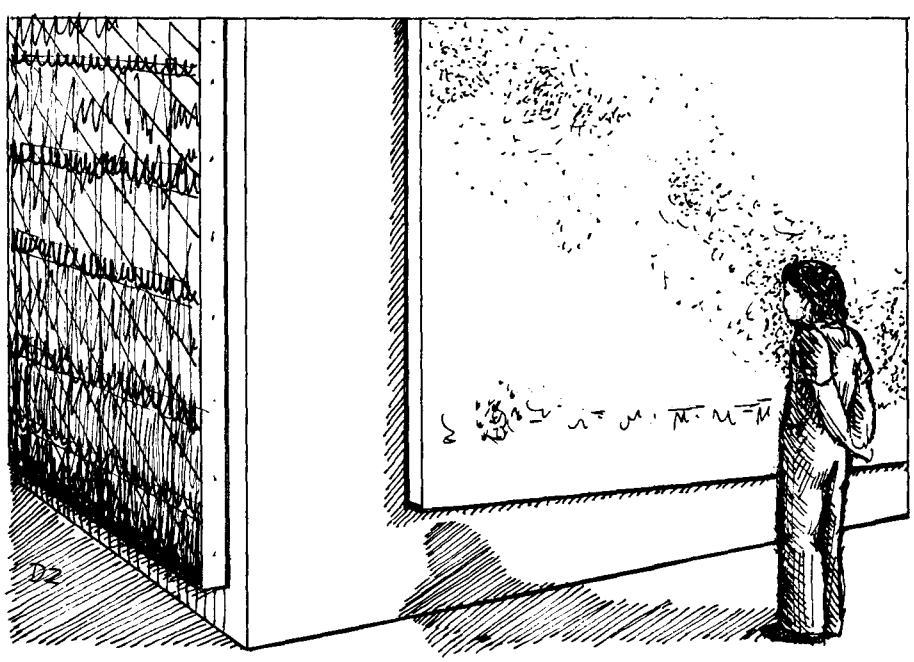
The financial crisis seems to be only one more symptom of the malaise, the confusion in goals, which has been worrying the Metropolitan's fans since its present director, Thomas P. F. Hoving, took over in 1967.

Mr. Hoving first achieved fame as Mayor Lindsay's swinging Parks Commissioner back in the days when one could refer to New York as "Fun City" without blushing. He built bicycle paths, arranged Happenings in Sheep Meadow and cavorted happily with Beautiful People. When he arrived at the Met he was hailed by the media for announcing that "relevance" and "social impact" would be the museum's new watchwords—though he was careful to add that a young, ambitious guy could hardly be expected to remain a mere museum director indefinitely; he planned to stay only until the centennial celebrations were over in 1971.

An early cause of misgivings was the Met's sudden avid promotion of certain contemporary American artists, putting it into needless competition with the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim and the Whitney. Even more disquieting was the disastrous "Harlem on My Mind" (*NR*, Feb. 11, 1969), a photo-documentary purporting to demonstrate the Met's concern with ghetto problems. Blacks were outraged that they had not been consulted; whites saw the show as antisemitic and pandering to black militants; the art critics, noting that it had nothing to do with art, condemned the museum for getting involved in things that were none of its business. Mr. Hoving continues to flirt with radical chic: This year's "Behind the Great Wall" (*NR*, May 26), a defense of Maoism disguised as another documentary, is the latest example.

THE CELEBRATION of the museum's centennial, which went on for two long years from 1969 to 1971 and offered five major exhibitions and a host of minor events ranging from scholarly symposia to innumerable black-tie parties, was a mixed bag. The main shows, which ranged from great to awful, were subsidized by various corporations and so presumably cost the Met nothing (though the public had to pay a dollar a head to get in). The take, however, seems not to have covered expenses—which is not to be wondered at when the museum's public relations office confirms that, inter alia, $7,000 was spent for a papier-mâché birthday cake (never used), that another $7,000 went for an extra door to the Executive Dining Room (to conform to a city ordinance) and $2,000 was used to gold leaf a ceiling (it was subsequently painted over).

Because of the need for space to house the centennial exhibitions, the



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European Paintings galleries, lavishly refurbished only four years earlier, were completely dismantled. For more than two years, well over half the pictures—for many the Met's prime attraction—remained in storage, inaccessible even to visiting scholars; the rest were relegated to two long, badly lit, overcrowded galleries in the North Wing. Happily, they're all now back where they belong—but since there wasn't enough money to replace the cut velvets and damasks against which they looked so well, the walls have been painted—red for Italian pictures, blue for French etc. This, according to the publicity release accompanying the (as usual, gala) reopening, is an improvement, since it makes it easier to know what you're looking at.

BUT THE WORST outrage, because it is permanent, perpetrated in the name of the centennial was the emasculation of the museum's Fifth Avenue façade and the Great Entrance Hall, prime examples of the monumental Beaux-Arts architecture of Richard Morris Hunt. The intention, according to Hoving, was to modernize the admittedly shabby front while retaining its original proportions, and to restore the Hall to its former marbled splendor. Both, alas, now exist only in memory. The green lawns with magnolias which annually heralded Fifth Avenue's spring have been submerged in a vast sea of concrete, broken only by two symmetrical fountains whose spartan simplicity does nothing to pep up the façade, which now looks as bland as Lincoln Center. Entering the new front door, framed in department-store chrome, one is no longer awed by Hunt's monumental interior, but made to feel as if one were in an airport waiting room. The ornamental Florentine lanterns on the balconies have been replaced by indirect lighting; the marble, cleaned within an inch of its life, looks like plaster.

Under Mr. Hoving's directorship, the Met has added many superlative objects to its holdings, most of them paid for out of existing funds. But the Lehman Collection, which was coveted by every museum in the country and which Mr. Hoving claims as his greatest acquisitional coup, is a horse of a different color; to belabor the metaphor, a gift horse whose mouth should have been looked into more carefully —for there were strings. First, the collection must be shown as a unit. This means it can never be integrated into the chronological arrangement of the European pictures which has only just now been accomplished, thanks to lengthy and costly legal maneuverings which finally succeeded in freeing earlier bequests from just such restrictions. Second, it must be housed in a new wing built to resemble the Lehman town house, the cost ($8 million) to be borne by the museum. Mr. Hoving admits that although ground (fourteen thousand square feet of sacrosanct Central Park—you don't have to be a conservationist to be upset!—) has been broken and construction is under way, the money has not yet been raised and costs will have to come out of other museum funds until it is. He assures us that these monies will be replaced in due course, and that therefore the Lehman wing, whose upkeep is endowed, cannot be blamed for the financial crisis, but his critics remain unconvinced.

It is not only the Lehman wing that leads people to suspect Mr. Hoving of suffering from an edifice complex. A concrete quonset-hut next to the public parking lot will house the Temple of Dendur, bequeathed by Egypt to *all* the American people (and grabbed up by the Met) as a show of thanks for help in saving the ancient structures at Abu Simbel that would have been flooded by the Aswan Dam. The Michael Rockefeller wing, to contain the Governor's huge collection of primitive art, has also been approved. When you visit the Metropolitan a couple of years from now, don't forget your roller skates.

It seems the height of irresponsibility that the present money troubles were not foreseen, given the number of financial wizards on the Met's Board of Trustees. Mr. Hoving complains that the restaurant is losing money (my bet is that it has priced itself out of the reach of most museum-goers), that shop sales are down, that the "pay-what-you-want" policy has produced less than expected (it may also have something to do with a recent drop in attendance), that the New York State Council on the Arts and the National Endowment have both cut their grants, and that "we have been buffeted by inflation and hit hard by the recession" (them and who else?). Even so, some of the economy measures protested by the pickets do seem unreasonably drastic—for instance, the closing of the Library and Slide Collections for three months this summer, the very time out-of-town scholars flock to New York to consult them; and the total elimination of the Catalog Department whose detailed recording of every object in the museum must now be assumed by the curatorial departments, a number of which are to be put on a stand-by basis with only a chairman forced to run a whole section by himself.

To date, Mr. Hoving has not answered his critics nor has he responded to suggestions that he and his four vice directors, allegedly paid $75,000 and $40,000 respectively, take a cut. Fortunately, a scandalized article by John Canaday in the *New York Times* forestalled a hare-brained scheme by which some of the most precious paintings—two Manets, a Cézanne, a Gauguin and the famous *Woman in White* by Picasso—were to have been surreptitiously sold, presumably to fill the currency gap. This is no solution either—nor does this writer have a prescription. But oh! I wish someone would remind Mr. Hoving that he never planned to be a museum director for the rest of his life. □

Ruth Berenson *and* **David Brudnoy** *are regular contributors to the Arts & Manners section.*

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Oh Dad, Poor Dad . . .

. . . Marlon's doing his Rod Steiger number again, and I'm feelin' so sad. *The Godfather* asks: Can Don Vito Corleone, paterfamilias of your ordinary Sicilian-American clan, find happiness fighting gang bang-bangs until he and half the syndicate are dead? Mario Puzo's endless novel about Mafia lojinks puréed into a nearly interminable movie is intended, I suppose, as Brando's triumphal comeback after his recent screen disasters. Alas, his portrayal of the Godfather is so tight it's strangled, like several of the mobsters his boys garrote. There's ennui in his Method, and this time Brando's acclaimed tautness has been petrified.

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Marlon Brando has often been better than his films. But here, while his Don Vito dims into relative insignificance, the film itself is juicy, in a rather Draculean way, and fitfully forceful, carrying us easily from 1945 to 1955 through the Don's salad days into the emergent godfatherhood of his son Michael. Played by Al Pacino in a style vaguely reminiscent of Dustin Hoffman with muscles, Michael metamorphoses nicely from the "straight" shy son into a vengeful murderer sliding comfortably into his father's slippers as Mafia chieftain. The other scions also breathe life into their difficult roles: James Caan as hot-headed Sonny of the undershirt, and Robert Duvall in tweeds as the adopted non-Italian "son" who functions as Don Vito's John Mitchell.

Notable in *Godfather* is its familial closeness counterposed to gang butchery, a device which, though simplistically depicted via flash-away vignettes—see the baptism; see the slaughter—lifts this gangodrama a bit above the usual. Cinemagoers have become so proof against the revulsion they used to experience when splattered by film blood and guts that even all *Godfather*'s mayhem doesn't entirely trivialize the film's provocative and not entirely implausible message: Organized criminality is as American, as Rap Brown might say, as cherry pie.

NEVERTHELESS, *Godfather* fails to dazzle "brilliantly" as the touts promised, both because it's too crude in its juxtapositions and because Brando's Don evokes all the empathy of a stale lasagna. Not so Claude Chabrol's splendidly conceived and acted *Le Boucher* (Butcher). As in *Godfather*, some of the nicer moments of life, there a wedding, baptism, and domestic intimacy, here a wedding, strolls in the woods, and platonic camaraderie, form the backdrop to brutal murder. But *Le Boucher* pretends to less than *Godfather* and achieves much more.

Helen, a pretty schoolmistress (Stephane Audran), meets the town's young butcher (Jean Yanne) at the wedding of one of her subordinates. Helen has moved to the provinces from Paris to forget an unhappy affair, and slowly achieves some comfort in the company of the butcher, recently demobilized after twelve years in the army. He brings her a choice leg of lamb, which they enjoy together; she presents him with a cigarette lighter on his birthday; he tags along on a mushrooming jaunt with her and two schoolchildren; they chat easily, if from unequal milieux.

But hideous slayings of lovely women interrupt the village calm. One afternoon Helen discovers both the mauled body of her subordinate's bride and, close by, the lighter she had given the butcher. Even though the butcher appears later at her apartment with an identical lighter, thus relieving her obvious suspicions, he soon comes to know that she knows or at least to *think* she knows. In the expectable but still chilling climax, our busy butcher confronts his friend, knife in hand, advancing toward her while confessing his compulsion to slaughter. The end? Not quite. Underacted, subtle throughout,

a refreshing contrast to *Godfather*'s too frequent sledgehammering, *Boucher* demonstrates how to define horror without being horrible.

FOUR FILMS 'twould be better to learn Korean in six weeks than to see: Peter Bogdanovich's *What's Up, Doc?* struggles to achieve urbanity but merely stretches the absent-minded professor joke till it snaps and smarts. In *Love Story,* Ryan O'Neal emoted to beat the matinee ladies to the punch, but in *Doc* he's been programed to er-ah-uhm-humm like a Cary Grant Perpetual Suavity Machine. Yet even Peyton Place's legacy to eternal youth couldn't have embalmed *Doc* so criminally without Barbra Streisand as the kook—you were expecting, maybe, typecasting?—who chases him around a hotel and banalizes the already whipped inanity about four identical valises that everyone in San Francisco wants to steal. Imagine the frenzy of witty Marx Brothers flicks without either Brothers or wit; *that's* what's up, doc.

When Ryan and Barbra die and get the itch to return from the grave for a replay, they might join 21st Century Sloth's remake of *Tales from the Crypt.* This chiller-retcher is that sort the Japanese do best with juiced-up samurai ghost stories, but in this case it's a product of inscrutable Caucasoid ingenuity. In horror flicks, the American Century is dead, though the twitchy corpses in *Crypt* aren't, more's the pity.

Ah, but you *like* monsterflickers, you say. OK, rush to *Sitting Target,* to which bring your sadistic tendencies and a friend. Obviously premised on the contemporary notion that a film devoid of any likable characters at all says something meaningful about people, *Target* offers Oliver Reed, Jill St. John and a morgueful of the wretched of the earth recycling themselves. I see I've been cryptic; this hideous film is about the *living,* the dead (by comparison) having socially redeemable qualities.

East Pakistan was In not long ago. So, *The Concert for Bangladesh,* in which George Harrison, Leon Russell, Bob Dylan et al. parade their talents (so-so, this go-round) and social concerns. In re: social concerns, *chacun à son goût,* but I wonder: Are they planning a *Concert for Hué* or a *Concert for Czechoslovakia*? As Our Lady Ayn Objectivist would say: Blank out. □

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WAGNER

(Continued from page 695)

"Look, Thelma," I would find myself urging some charming child whose only visible sign of imminent anarchy was an Afro so wide she had difficulty navigating my office door, "see, you've used *imperialist* four times in this paragraph, *racist* five, and *repressive* twice. Let's try something else here, just to sharpen your point, I mean."

"Chauvinist?" she supplies, suspiciously.

"Well . . ."

"Paranoid?"

"Um."

"Genocidal!"—aggressively, with a little take-it-or-you're-racist *moue*.

"Why don't we just try *backlash* instead?"

We settled okay. Useless to tell Thelma that to say a word means something implies that it means that same thing more than once. She had used *imperialist* to convey as many messages as separate, almost indecipherable scrawlings in her two-page essay. Why worry? Cleaver did the same.

One cannot blame them. They are simply following what society has told them is the most easily accredited avenue to success. In my youth at Oxford we got away with murder for having come from Eton or Winchester. This time round to be poor and black is the privileged position.

So I see their point about Hitler, and indeed about Julius Caesar. Our social masochism is such that it deserves to be as shamelessly exploited as it is. John Fitzgerald Kennedy had, in my opinion, a strong subconscious hunger to be killed; he would have loved to have read his obituaries (he removed the bubble from his car). The social anomie Kennedy induced in the nation—with virtually every program he so beamingly began, from the Peace Corps on, now fallen flat on its face—has finally come to roost on the campuses of our nation. Hatred of America pays off. Hit me harder . . . *please*. The maiden communication to his faculty by CCNY's latest president, a man called Marshak trailing clouds of glory from the first atom-bomb project, had nothing to do with education at all, being almost wholly concerned with ethnic quotas of workmen on a college building site. Despite all his exhortations about busing to Albany and the like, the poor man was recently under unfeeling fire from one group of students (largely Jewish) for allegedly misappropriating funds to send another (wholly black) group to the National Black Political Convention in Gary, Indiana. "Wot larx," as Dickens' Joe Gargery used to say.

What is the solution? A certain put-up-or-shut-up pistol could be justifiably raised at this point. For the educational politicians I have total contempt. Yet for my colleagues in the academy, misguided infants though so many may be, I cling to a certain affection. Behind the rotten liberal mask human qualities sometimes exist. The whole problem has simply got to be seen through the other end of this particular telescope. Creating more (government-sponsored) slums doesn't solve slums, any more than quintupling ethnic studies departments, as has Marshak at CCNY, proves a thing (they are all virtually unattended, anyway). The going principle seems to be that of Catherine of Russia to Diderot, "Your ideas are written on paper, ours have to be written on men's skins." I'm entirely convinced that if I'd read out that ringing declamation to my Open Admissions class, Cathy would have scored high on our lists. And who would have minded much if I'd informed them that the Black Panther colors so many of them were flying were first those of the Hohenzollern Empire?

Someone has soon got to decide whether New York City wants youth welfare or education, whether CUNY is to be the senior class of Rikers Island or that Open Sesame to our society it was for millions of underprivileged children for a century. As regards the Open Admissions hoax, the true writing on the wall can be seen in the words of Professor Belle Zeller, Hunter College math teacher and chairwoman of CUNY's Legislative Conference:

> The faculty, which threw itself wholeheartedly into the Open Admissions program, is becoming demoralized by the obstacles in its path. and more and more students who have displayed remarkable patience with those obstacles are telling me of their growing suspicion that Open Admissions is a fraud. □

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 673)

the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." If this has had its darker side, if the mistaken notion that ending scarcity was an end in itself leaves us bereft of any direction now that we can end scarcity, still the simple American folk-philosophy of liberal progress tempered with sound conservative values was always ahead and remains ahead of intellectual and ideological progress, despite the latter's greater sophistication.

Neither American nor European conservatism has grasped the essence of this, or is yet near to understanding it, so they remain to that extent irrelevant. The pragmatic American belief in progress via mastery of the material to improve the human condition, which shapes both liberalism and conservatism, is better expressed, or anyway implemented, in the farm belt and in industry than in any liberal or conservative ideology.

Culver City, Calif. ROBERT E. SAGEHORN

In regard to the comments by Peter Berger and James Burnham ["Selective, Yes. Humanism, Maybe," May 12] on capital punishment I would like to throw my two cents' worth into the debate.

Any proponent of the death penalty can usually be stopped with two questions: a) Would you, personally, want to be the executioner? b) What would happen if you hanged the wrong man?

The system used in Belgium (past or present?—I am not sure) supplies the neatest answers. Confessed murderers have pleaded for the *mercy* of being shot or hanged instead of the standard sentence for murder: Solitary confinement for the rest of one's natural life without *ever* any parole.

This solitary confinement excludes all communications, letters, books, newspapers, talking to fellow inmates and work. Food and laundry supplies are brought in by other convicts, never the same man twice. (Somehow, these "visitors" to death row lose all nerve even to think about a murder when they get out of prison.)

My source told me that a man wrongly convicted will hold out under these stresses extremely well and can be saved by new evidence, but guilty men are reported to deteriorate quite fast. After five or seven years the murderer is declared legally dead and all his possessions are taken over by the state and sold.

If the United States were to adopt this kind of punishment, we could stop killing "in the name of the people." Also I think we should abandon the distinction between "murders" and "attempted murders." Why should the criminal gain consideration for being a lousy shot? He volunteered for death row when he decided to take his weapons along.

Canoga Park, Calif. FRED RAMBOW

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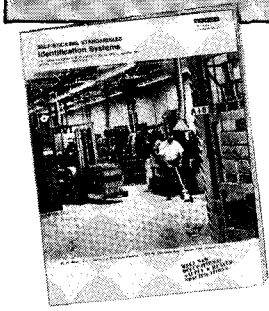

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

McGovern and the National Mood

New York, June 4—They are saying (Scotty Reston is saying: ergo They are saying) that George McGovern might actually become the President of the United States. The reasoning is simple-complex. To begin with, nothing is happening the way it ought to have happened. Three months ago it was not thought by any professional that Ed Muskie could be stopped. Ed Muskie! As well nominate Harold Stassen, at this point. And what did he do to earn such sudden, permanent obloquy? Nothing at all, just act normal. Moral of the season: act abnormal.

That is what George McGovern has for the most part been doing. Going left left left, ostensibly alienating the middle people, who are supposed to be indispensable to a true victory. Upsetting the labor union leaders, defying the bosses, ignoring the great social issue of busing, saying things like: "I still think Henry Wallace was right," a statement of such breathtaking perversity as to render George Romney's famous self-disqualifier about having been brainwashed positively unnoticeable by contrast. But it doesn't stop McGovern. Nothing stops McGovern. I doubt if McGovern would lose a primary if he said that on second thought he wishes the Arabs would take over Israel. Or has he said it already, and nobody noticed?

So . . .—they are saying—who knows? Are the American people just being perverse, backing a nice man to whom it would be thought risky to entrust a college seminar? What then if you add the balls Richard Nixon is juggling, one of which he might drop? Suppose that in October the North Vietnamese topple the Thieu government, by military or political pressure? Or that unemployment and inflation begin to gnaw deeply? Or that the dollar is sold down humiliatingly? There are other possibilities, of the sort that would undo Mr. Nixon, and crystallize the national mood which seems to be saying: better not to bear the ills we have, than to shrink from others we know not of.

I do not doubt that Vietnam is hugely responsible for the general frustration. Subtract from consideration of it, for the moment, the cost in human life: the human agony. Think of it only, if you can, as a national enterprise. It is as if we had launched an Apollo missile to the moon every month for the last seven years, and every one of them had failed, though they cost a billion dollars each and the scientists kept telling us that the next one would surely work, and the President proclaimed that confidence in American technology absolutely required that we proceed.

The reversal of our SST program is not unrelated to the national mood—that lack of self-confidence which is the principal psychological hangover from the Vietnam war, and I for one wish that we had never entered Indochina, rather than conduct ourselves as we have conducted ourselves there. There are those who believe that disillusion with the cold war was inevitable, that it would have come to us via some other instruction, some other defeat. Perhaps. Meanwhile, it has become thinkable that someone will be elected President who quite clearly desires second-class international status for the United States. There is no reason growing purely out of pride why we could not be happy as a second-class nation. The pride of a Swiss is at least the equal of the pride of an American. But to be an America and a second-class power means that the world will belong to the Soviet Union, and in our day, a world that is dominated by the Soviet Union would be a world intolerably bitter to first-class spirits. First-class spirits are those that America has uniquely nurtured, with our concern for freedom, for the individual, for the underdog, for national sovereignty. There are those ready to give all of that up provided the government will send them a check every week and pay the medical bills and take away H. L. Hunt's money.

Indeed anything can happen, and a lot of it certainly will if the McGovern phenomenon goes on. And though by orthodox analysis the Republicans are entitled to cheer every McGovern primary victory as edging the incumbent further and further along the road to a landslide victory, they'd better watch it. The Gadarene swine, as Mr. Muggeridge observes, are frisky. □

ABOLISH ABOLISH *New York*, June 15—There has been a lot of fussing about how to reword the critical phrase in the Constitution which began by denying to Congress the right to establish a state religion, and ended by telling school administrators in Anchorage, Alaska that they may not permit common prayer in the schoolroom.

During the last season, Congress came close to passing a constitutional amendment over which scholars and priests worried, so as to try to come up with wording which would satisfy the most apprehensive. There is of course very good reason to worry about exactly what to say in a constitutional amendment because the Supreme Court has taken to stretching words to mean roughly what the Court wants them to mean. A case can be made for contending that no one can come up with wording that would permit what people desire to permit and forbid what they desire to forbid. So what to do?

Begin, surely, by asking: Is there a problem? It is quite widely conceded that there is a considerable problem, involving the private schools. It is true that the collapse of Catholic education is traceable to other factors than mere impoverishment. But it is also true that economic factors weigh heavily, and weigh crucially in the case of many schools. It is also true that Jewish and Protestant schools are experiencing a considerable revival, in part because private day schools are increasingly popular havens against educational and sociological bureaucracies; in part because the public feels an urge to rediscover stable values. But most significantly, there is a revival in sight of the democratic dogma, loosely defined for these purposes as the right of the people to decide for themselves what to do.

My own humble suggestion is that the easiest approach of them all is quite

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simply to rescind that famous phrase in the First Amendment. It tells us that Congress shall make no law "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The phrase came at the tail end of a century in which established religions were the rule rather than the exception; two centuries after bitter religious wars had drenched the continent of Europe and before that England. The preoccupation of the Founding Fathers to avoid that kind of thing in America was altogether reasonable, and had the sanction of a brooding historical omnipresence, the theocratic state.

But in point of fact things have changed. I suppose there is, somewhere in America, someone who desires to wed church and state. But it would require all the resources of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to find him, and if said person were to launch a movement, he would get fewer votes than Lar Dailey. To list within our Bill of Rights the proscription against church and state united is about as pointless as it would be to proscribe constitutionally the election of a president who is over one hundred years old. Nobody wants to elect somebody to the White House who is over one hundred years old, and nobody is going to: So why do you need to put it in the Constitution?

THE NOTION that the fight over abortion is in any way involved is uninformed. There are Americans—most Catholics, but many Protestants and many Jews—who believe that the state is obliged to recognize certain factors that issue out of the fact of one's humanity. One of these, they reason, is the sanctity of human life from the moment of inception. Let the arguments rage on the point, as surely they will, but it is true that even the most committed abortionists recognize that there is a moral consideration involved, and it makes no difference whatever whether those who come to a particular position do so out of respect for a religion which teaches them that position. Makes no difference, that is to say, to the question whether anybody is trying to establish a state religion. If the people pass laws forbidding murder, they do so irrespective of the religion of the prospective murderer or his victim. It makes no difference if it happens that they are members of an esoteric sect which permits, say, ritual murder. By the same token, protections are universally applied notwithstanding that many of them came into being as the result of a metaphysical, of a religious view of life. These battles will continue, but it is simply uninformed to conclude from it all that they tend in the direction of establishmentarianism.

The advantages, meanwhile, are manifest. The citizens of a community could go ahead and make such arrangements as they desire to make involving the schools, without the constitutional choker which was designed for altogether different purposes. There are too many laws as it is, and much of a progressive nature can be affected by getting rid of legislation that causes more mischief than any conceivable good under the historical circumstances. □

THE POOP-SCOOP WAR

New York, June 20—While pacing up and down waiting for developments on the international war front, I pause to report on the war in New York City between the dog owners and various anti-dog, or more properly anti dog poop, groups.

The issue suddenly burst upon the scene last winter when a middle-aged doctor, coming upon a Doberman Pinscher squatting down on the sidewalk opposite his apartment in Greenwich Village, suddenly found himself reaching into his pocket, pulling out a firearm, and shooting the dog quite, utterly dead. This violence was not senseless, in the opinion of those who understood the doctor's frustration. But the dog lovers, greatly aroused, bore down hard and of course the gentleman will be prosecuted, and no one now believes that the final solution to the dog problem was adumbrated by the incident in Greenwich Village.

On the other hand, the dog owners are visibly on the defensive. The issue ties in with the ecological obsession, and indeed the ecologists have now escalated by proclaiming that dog poop has—I forget—either too much acid or not enough acid to help the little trees in New York which dogs love to use as sanitary facilities, so that that argument is now removed from the dog people, who are left, really, without any claim based on the unseen benefits of dog poop casually distributed over the streets and sidewalks of the city.

Comes now something called Children Before Dogs. That organization, one suspects from the fanatical gleam in its prose, is a hardliner, which would really like to do away with dogs altogether.

Anyway, the anti-dog people are now reviving statutes which have been sleeping soundly for years, which restrict the freedom of dogs, and specifically proscribe certain areas, for instance children's playgrounds in the park, the zoo areas, and what have you. A tactical ambition of the anti-dog people is to construct a DMZ around the whole of Central Park, a territory the dog people would yield only after bitter resistance. But even if the anti-dog people win there, their victory can only result in an intensification of the problem somewhere else. I mean, the less poop in Central Park, the more poop elsewhere, which is called Boyle's Law.

In anticipation of this problem, the anti-dog people are suggesting that dog owners be held instantly responsible for cleaning up everything their dogs do. To this end, American capitalism has developed a little device which facilitates the scooping up of the debris, which is thereafter dumped into a plastic bag. The whole operation would appear to be difficult to consumate with the kind of polish that goes with a stroll down Park Avenue with one's St. Bernard, but the anti-dog people are not struggling to make it all that easy for the dog owner, the hell with him is their attitude. But now the Dog Owner's Protective Association charges that the power brokers are really behind the suggestion, that they are trying to create a market for their pooper-scoopers, as they are felicitously called, and are demanding an exposé. American ingenuity has not risen fully to the challenge. For instance, why could they not develop a can of squirt which deodorizes it all, or better still, turns it into corn flakes, or the nearest alchemical achievement Dupont can come up with?

Mayor Lindsay has actually proposed that dogs be required to perform in their owners' bathrooms, which suggests that the Mayor's knowledge of dogs is about on a par with his knowledge of cities: but no one wants to politicize the issue, and for that reason people are careful to move with bipartisan solidarity, whichever side of the issue they find themselves on. For one thing, the pollsters have not discovered exactly where the political advantage lies. It is all very well to say that more people are without dogs than with them. But whereas most people who want the street poop removed are indulging a velleity, those who want their dogs are indulging a passion. So that even if only one-tenth of New Yorkers have dogs, their strength may well be the strength of ten if they find some politician threatening their dogs. Untold prime ministers of Great Britain have fallen for suspected indifference to dogs, let alone for conspiring to constipate dogs. So Mayor Lindsay's foray into the dog war is understandably tentative, and meanwhile the *Village Voice* has helped matters not at all by publishing a recipe for Sweet and Sour Doberman. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Rin Tin Tin's favorite actress — 2 11 20 46 29 68 137 143 159 176

B. A lyceum and amusement enterprise named after a New York lake — 184 194 203 222 225 79 / 90 167 96 25 30 105 208 4 43 124

C. What too much work is — 113 132 75 120 157 77

D. A student for the ministry — 139 204 83 175 183 189 40 54 149 121

E. A bumpkin — 195 6 140 227 82 147 38

F. A Midwestern university — 170 136 34 230 200 154 15 197 84

G. A bird related to the whippoorwill — 173 232 55 31 45 14 19 163 134

H. Brains — 174 81 182 130 144 153 27 186 56 100

I. An artificial waterway — 23 39 51 78 92

J. Pretentiousness — 199 209 233 48 85 95 158 107 155 145 / 178

K. To report the occurrence of — 229 156 115 62 211 22

L. A person acting as an informer — 12 16 161 192 21 97 165 179 191 207 / 103

M. The growing crop or vegetable growth — 41 150 129 214 71 188 93 138 201

N. Using conversational style — 205 99 213 218 50 65 80 177 196 231

O. Disreputable persons — 17 221 146 162 36 91 168 193

P. Relating to love — 212 101 217 190 57 123 234

Q. The Apostle Paul wrote two epistles to him — 220 28 198 210 125 59 49

R. The ratio of one dimension of a thing to another dimension — 32 127 52 102 148

S. Strongly condemnatory utterance or language — 35 117 7 60 42 216 72

T. What John Law's financial project was called — 76 172 33 89 114 141 181 187 202 224 / 10 47 66 70 87 106 108

U. A baseball umpire has to have very good: — 98 133 118 223 67 64 164 9

V. A formal inquiry into a subject — 122 8 109 112 180 151 185 206 1 219 / 228 58

W. Television viewers of sports get this, but paying fans don't — 126 26 94 104 131 135 142 226 3 53 / 160 169 88

X. Therefore — 166 24 63 111 116 215 5 18 74 86 / 171 119

Y. Acquired by evil means — 44 61 37 128 73 13 110 69 152

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 708 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 V	2 A	3 W		4 B	5 X	6 E	7 S	8 V	9 U	10 T	11 A	12 L		13 Y	14 G	15 F	16 L		17 O
18 X	19 G	20 A	21 L	22 K		23 I	24 X	25 B	26 W	27 H		28 Q	29 A		30 B	31 G	32 R	33 T	
34 F	35 S	36 O	37 Y	38 E		39 I	40 D	41 M		42 S	43 B	44 Y	45 G	46 A		47 T	48 J	49 Q	50 N
51 I	52 R		53 W	54 D	55 G	56 H	57 P	58 V	59 Q	60 S	61 Y	62 K	63 X	64 U		65 N	66 T	67 U	68 A
69 Y		70 T	71 M	72 S	73 Y	74 X	75 C		76 T	77 C	78 I	79 A	80 N	81 H	82 E	83 D	84 F	85 J	86 X
	87 T	88 W		89 T	90 B	91 O	92 I	93 M	94 W		95 J	96 B	97 L	98 U		99 N	100H		101P
102R	103L	104W	105B	106T		107J	108T	109V	110Y	111X		112V	113C	114T	115K	116X		117S	118U
119X	120C	121D	122V		123P	124B	125Q	126W	127R	128Y		129M	130H		131W	132C	133U		134G
135W	136F	137A	138M		139D	140E	141T	142W	143A	144H		145J	146O		147E	148R	149D	150M	151V
152Y	153H	154F	155J	156K	157C		158J	159A	160W		161L	162O		163G	164U	165L	166X	167B	
168O	169W	170F	171X		172T	173G		174H	175D	176A	177N	178J	179L		180V	181T		182H	183D
	184A	185V	186H	187T	188M	189D	190P	191L		192L	193O		194A	195E	196N	197F		198Q	199J
200F	201M		202T	203A	204D	205N	206V	207L	208B	209J		210Q	211K		212P	213N	214M		215X
216S	217P	218N	219V	220Q	221O	222A	223U		224T	225A	226W	227E	228V	229K	230F	231N	232G	233J	234P

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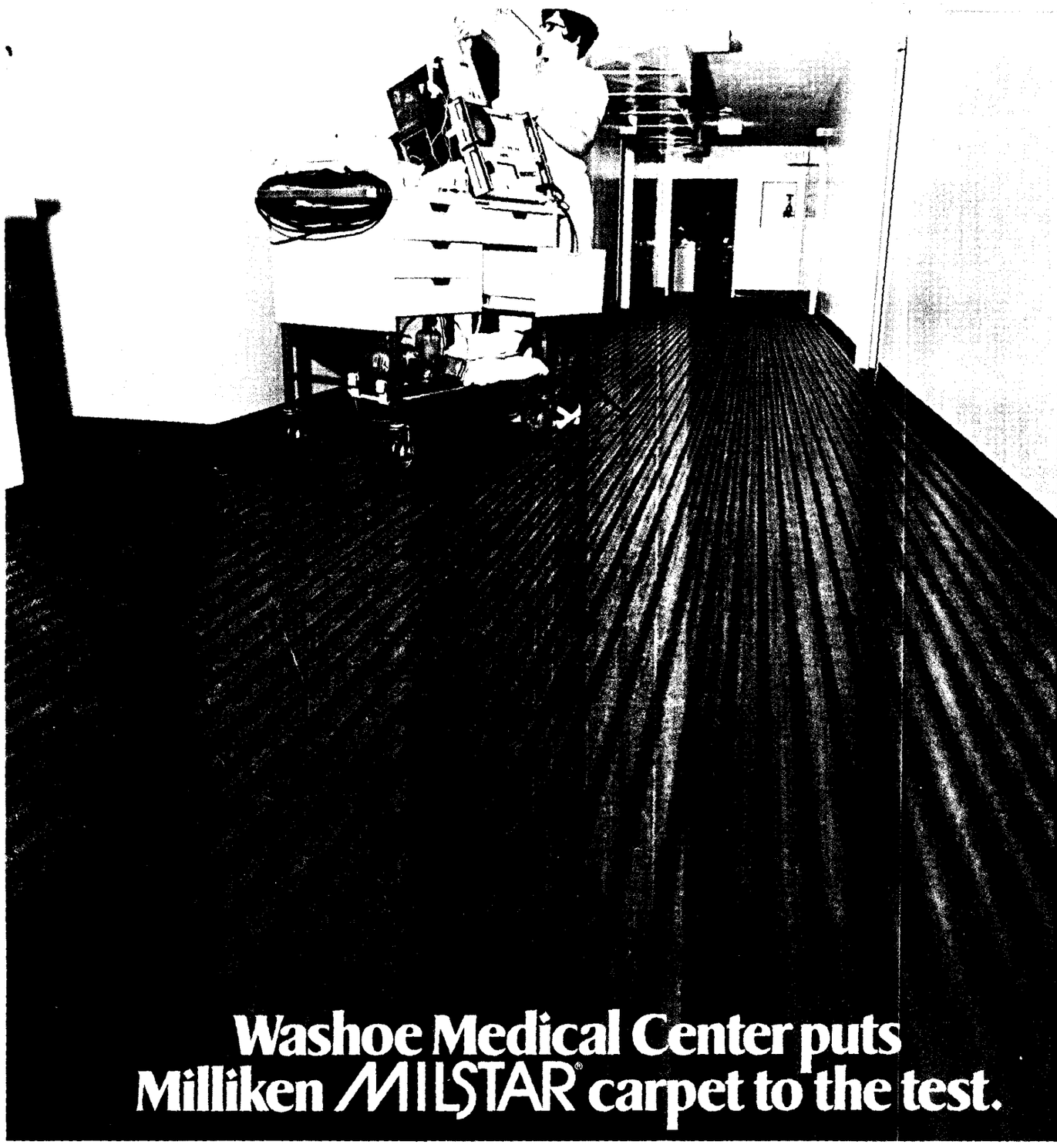

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